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This Book was written by Mr Thomas
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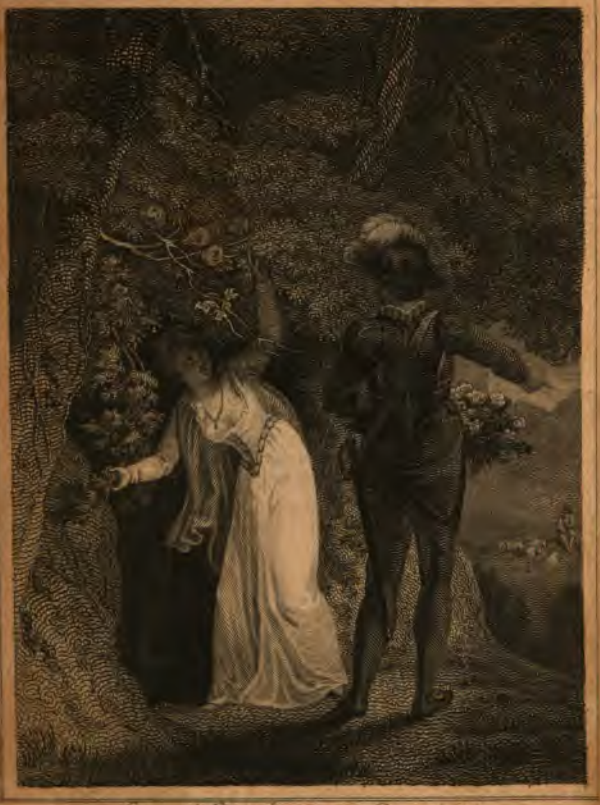

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Pub. Aug. 1806 by C. Chapple, Pall Mall.

EFFUSIONS OF LOVE

FROM

CHATELAR

TO

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM

A GALLIC MANUSCRIPT,

In the Scotch College, at Paris.

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONGS, SONNETS, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

London:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, PALL-MALL,

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1805.

J. CUNDEE, PRINTER,
IVY-LANE.

TO THE READER.

IT is altogether needless, the Editor conceives, to enter into an elaborate disquisition of the superlative beauty and fascinating accomplishments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, who was (from every account that has been transmitted to us by historians of her own period) so irresistibly seductive, as to inspire with love every object that came within the vortex of her transcendent charms.*

Of the numerous individuals that were sacrificed at the shrine of Mary's beauty, none is

* Nothing can possibly convey to us a better idea of the loveliness of Mary, than the exquisite picture of her now preserved, in the possession of the Duke of Dorset, at his mansion at Knowle, in Kent.

more calculated to excite our sympathetic commiseration, than the ill-fated youth, a detail of whose sufferings form the ground-plan of the present work; under this impression, the Editor has been induced to give the following pages to the world, fully conscious that he could not have a more weighty plea for the success of the work than his appeal to the commiseration of a British public.

If, therefore, in perusing this translation of the woes of CHATELAR, the reader should be prompted to drop the tributary tear, and partake with the sufferer in those painful and conflicting agonies, which form the basis of his pathetic appeal, the labour which the Editor has bestowed on this work will be amply compensated, as the effusions of the love-sick Chatelar are only addressed to such as can shed the tear of tender sympathy, to the memory of the child of accumulated misfortune, unconquerable but hopeless love, and an untimely grave!

PREFATORY LINES.

It is well known that the Scotch College, at Paris, contains a vast collection of manuscripts relative to the house of Stuart, which would greatly tend to illustrate many very momentous periods of the English history, and in particular the lives of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scotland, and her unfortunate grandson, Charles the First, of martyred memory.

The Editor of the ensuing pages being well aware of this fact, and having for a series of years been a resident at Paris, endeavoured for a considerable time to gain permission, in order to inspect these invaluable documents; but the very unsettled state of political affairs in that capital, and the jarring factions, which almost hourly succeeded each other in Paris for the space of five years, wholly prevented

the execution of the Editor's plan, which he however found means to effect, through the medium of Monsieur de M——, who was then high in power, but who has since shared the fate of so many of his revolutionary friends—upon a public scaffold.

It might naturally be conjectured, that the then posture of affairs in Paris did not leave the reigning factions much leisure time to think of manuscripts appertaining to the house of Stuart, and such was indeed the editor's opinion on procuring the permission to inspect them; but in this conjecture he found himself altogether mistaken, his conduct being observed with the utmost scrutiny, by which means he was scarcely permitted to make a single extract, till his frequent attendances at the Scotch College at length wearied his conductor, added to which the more weighty persuasion of British gold, which the editor threw into the scale, gained him the preponderance in the conductor's good graces; and by this means he was at full liberty to make such transcripts as appeared to him of an interesting nature and novel cast.

The manuscripts in question contain abundance of political information, and much private anecdote, particularly in those letters which passed between Mary Queen of Scots, and Catherine de Medicis; there are also poetical effusions of the Scottish queen, written in French and Italian, which the Editor intends presenting to the world on a future occasion, should this volume meet the approbation of the public.

The account of the sufferings of CHATELAR *are written by himself in the form of fragments, inscribed to Mary Queen of Scotland, and were, it is said, sent to her by the unfortunate youth during the short confinement which preceded his execution, as appears by one of his effusions at the end of this work.*

The original manuscript and poems are written throughout in the Gallic language, which the Editor has endeavoured to put into a modern English dress, as the idiom of the French is so much altered, that a native of France, in the present day, would find it rather difficult to comprehend the meaning of many parts of the diary of Chatelar, as written by himself.

Should the Editor have succeeded in his attempt, so far as to extend to his countrymen a portion of that melancholy pleasure he experienced, on the perusal of the effusions of Chatelar, his utmost wishes will be gratified; and it shall then be his endeavour, to elucidate in a similar manner many unknown circumstances attending the fate of the beautiful, but unfortunate, Mary Queen of Scotland, which are derived from the same authentic source as the contents of the present volume.

CHATELAR.

FRAGMENT I.

——WHAT are sublunary considerations to the mind of fire?—What has this world to do with love? All—all is vanity, nothing but the neglected chaff wafted on the rude wings of the northern blast——Avaunt—fly from me power and riches, and give me love, nought else but love.—It shall be my state, my fortune, and I will be proud with it though robed in the garments of worldly wretchedness.——Love knows not want---he has no such inmate as Poverty; if he smiles, he has but one dread foe; if he frowns, he has but one true friend; and both concentrate in the oblivion of death.——But must we die? is there not in love sufficient fire to keep this earthly frame from marble coldness? ---Yes; while Mary lives, the soul-invigorating fire of her celestial eyes must keep alive this

frame of mine——But, ah! who am I that dare thus ally myself with heavenly beauty and terrestrial greatness?--- What is Chatelar?--- No imperial title, no transcendent qualities are mine——Yes! oh yes! I am ennobled; for Chatelar wears within his breast the never-fading insignia of love, and his qualifications are fervency and immutable truth.---Who dares dispute my claim?---Cold world I hate thee---I soar above thy grovelling trammels, and wing my way amid the expansive regions of glowing fancy.——Mary is a queen, Chatelar is a lover: such is my plea, and who dares dispute the authority of love?---Hear then, bright goddess of my soul, in pity hear me; let me but catch the softened lustre of thine eyes, and Chatelar will dare confess himself; yes!---wrench from his bosom the reeking dart which thou hast planted there, and give his soul full vent.

Why should I speak of time, that had existence ere yet I knew how exquisite it was to love?——Oh Scotland! thou gavest me birth; 'twas here I first inhal'd the breath of life, where now I live in extacy. Nobility of blood I boast not; but proudly may I assert that claim to honour, which is the legacy of a father schooled in virtue and in truth.

Why recapitulate the scenes of boyhood, and the revolutions in my fate?—I became the minion

of the court of France, and secretary of the Marechal D'Anville---Oh! that name!---Yes, even he, my benefactor and my friend, awakens every pang: for he dares look on thee---and looking, dares to love.

'Twas then, enchanting queen! my eyes first gazed upon those charms I since have learned to reverence, with all the fervor of matchless truth. Whene'er I saw you, my pulse beat with an unwonted motion, and the throbbings of my heart spoke to my soul a language it had never known before---my brain became on fire, and ere I knew the term, I knew what constituted love.---To look in speechless rapture on your beaming eye, to mark the symmetry of that angelic form, and contemplate the graceful motion of your step, were then my height of bliss.---Love had not taught me what presumption was, I rather stood the awe-struck victim of his all-puissant will.

You left the court of France---Yes---Mary left it, and with her all the rays of beauty and of grace fled Gallia's shores for ever.---Never shall I forget the hour when the Marechal D'Anville gained your acquiescence with his wish; for that blessed hour made me too the partner of his voyage hither.* We embarked, and the

* The Merechal D'Anville, to whom Chatelar was secretary, though a married man, was passionately enamoured

white surge, as if obedient to the queen of love, retired at her approach——Oh, that night!---fond recollection!---how my entranc'd soul catches at every thought that pictures Mary to my fever'd mind.---Yes; that dear enchanting night was spent in bliss unspeakable!---I lay upon my pallet, watchful as the party-coloured lynx, for my mind told me that Mary's form reposed within the cabin which adjoined to mine. The mariner, ever and anon, sung to the breeze a ditty to his love.---I left my couch ---Oh sleep! thou wast not there---in vain thy leaden pinions, steeped in second death, lay heavy on the lids of all around me; I was alone invulnerable, nor felt thy potent influence.

I arose---yes; I dared approach the hallowed entrance of thy cabin---my knees trembled, and I sought support;---love's faintness drew its curtain o'er my senses, and I lay ensteeped in bliss

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of Mary Queen of Scots; and when she determined on quitting France for Scotland, he obtained her permission to escort her thither. The Marechal was a nobleman of the most refined manners, very accomplished, and remarkably handsome. Some historians have even thought that Mary suffered him to indulge his headstrong passion too far; but this may have arisen from her predilection in his favour, as she was by no means blind to his shining qualifications.

immortal. I awoke, and on my knees implored sweet slumbers to attend thy couch---I did more; it was the first bold impulse with which love nerved me---I dared to wish that dreams might conjure to thy brain the form of him who burned with extacy.---Perhaps it was illusion, but methought my prayers were heard.

A silence of the grave ensued---I scarcely suffered the feverish breath to pass the portal of my lips.---Again the sailor from above sang to the winds his tale.---A something inexpressible swelled my heart, and though, perhaps, the utterer of those sounds was not so exquisitely framed as me to feel the thrill of love, yet still he seemed to love; and that was in itself sufficient to excite the tenderest sympathy in the bosom of Chatelar.

Quitting my cabin, I ascended to the deck, and hailed the pilot of the night; at my approach he bowed respectfully.

" Friend," said I, " that ditty once again, I " do entreat thee; for it hath charms to lull " me into quiet."

He sang the melancholy strain, which so vibrated on the thrilling chords of my soul, that never have the words escaped me; they ran as follows, and the ditty in responsive sadness breathed what the poet told.---

THE SAILOR'S DITTY.

Tell ye winds, that bleakly blow,
All the damsel's tale of woe;
Tell, thou deadly yawning main,
All the love-sick sailor's pain;
Let each plaintive accent prove
Marg'ret's truth and Henry's love.

Myrtles blighted,
Loves benighted,
For the willow
Shades their pillow,

Sadly moans the turtle-dove.

Hush, I hear the hollow wind
Breathe the truth of Marg'ret's mind;
Hark, the dashing waves impart
Henry's fervent, faithful heart:
Winds and waves in union prove
Matchless truth and ardent love.

Myrtles blighted,
Loves benighted,
For the willow
Shades their pillow,

Sadly moans the turtle-dove.

Sailor-youth the main you cross'd,
Oft by raging billows toss'd;
Gentle maid unseen you sigh'd,
Languish'd, pin'd, and love-sick died

While thy Henry's struggling breath
Bless'd thee in a wat'ry death.

Myrtle's blighted,
Loves benighted,
For the willow
Shades their pillow,

Sadly moans the turtle-dove.

The moon in pale majesty rode through the dark ethereous expanse, and the stars in glittering lustre bespangled the firmament around; it seemed, indeed, as if the elements combined to rock the slumbers of bright beauty's queen, and sooth her into sweet forgetfulness.

The last sad note of the seaman's strain faded on the breeze of night, while still entranc'd I wished for more.---There is in music, to the soul of love, a stealing softness, that preying on the senses lulls them into melancholy.---The tear was in my eye; thy name, oh Mary! trembled on my tongue.

"Friend," said I, "where learnedst thou "that little soothing ditty, and who attuned "thy voice to keep such exquisite harmony; "thy trade is rugged, and ill seasoned to such "notes of tenderness and love?"

"A Norman youth am I," replied the seaman, "and the air is one of those well known

" where I was born. I often sing it at this
" drear hour to banish heavy thoughts."

" To banish them?---thou meanst to feed thy
" sorrows, friend."

The seaman paused; his bonnet hung o'er his brow, but, as if to screen a hidden mystery that might betray itself, he gently drew it more upon his face.---Still was he mute---O Mary! there is sometimes in silence a language inexpressibly sublime.

" My friend," said I: the seaman heard the sound, and suddenly replied---

" It doth not feed my sorrows, but it sooths
" them."

" Then are thy feelings those of the heart."

" They come from thence, if to remember
" those we reverence, and her we love, has any
" connection with the soul."

The mariner then told his little tale of woe; 'twas liberty he wanted, and to give his heart where it could alone find rest.

Kind, generous protector!---Yes, Mary, it was I that told the Marechal all the sailor's misery.---You commiserated him---yes; Mary deigned to feel for the child of luckless fortune, and D'Anville paid his ransom. I gloried in the deed---for, though Chatelar remained unknown to all as the great instrument of peace to him that needed it, nothing could rob me of the

bliss internal, which applauded me for the deed, and whispered to my soul---Mary too must one day join her praises with the plaudits of my soul, and own that Chatelar was not incapable of love.

FRAGMENT II.

PASSION—Ah! no; it cannot be *passion*: Love is all pure, all refined; it is a mixture of tender pity, noble generosity, and candour open as the face of day, where every thing is given, and nothing! no, nothing! but a heart glowing with the most enthusiastic ardour required. Passion is extinguishable; but love, almighty love, alone constitutes a world of bliss, or probes with scorpion sting that wretch who nourishes by nature this extatic sensation of the soul, and yet suffers it to pine away unregarded.

The northern blast, that nips the ripening blossom of renovating spring, is not so chilly and so piercing cold, as the tormenting ravages of heart-corroding jealousy, which cankering by absence wound beyond the power of time to cure.

I stare with vacancy upon boundless expanse; it is like time illimitable, and is measured only by our hopes——Ah! *Hope*, thou art indeed

but a faint expression, a simple star amid the blaze of noon-tide day, when thou wouldst endeavour to conjure to my fancy the bliss of that reality I pant for---of that heavenly emotion which now consumes my bleeding heart, and flies through the wide expanse of thought, only to be precipitated still deeper in the gulph of misery from the dread assurance of impossibility.

Where am I?---why do I rave?---It is heaven ordains it; I was to be unfortunate.---I tax thee not; sweet, lovely excellence!---No, Mary, 'tis not in thee to inflict a pang so cursed as that I feel---to strike the soul that owns thee mistress of its fate for ever.——Come Reason! come, thou rallier of the scattered senses, poise my unsteady brain, clip the eagle-pinions of my raging fancy, and bind me with thine icy chain to some fixed centre. * * * * * *

* * * * You trod the wished-for shore---yes; Scotland saw its mistress and its queen; you came like the soft zephyr of the spring to plant perfection in this sterile land; and all who saw you wondered, worshipped, and admired the heavenly excellence ingrafted here.

Day still succeeded day, and every coming dawn proved what gave bitter anguish to my soul.——D'Anville thou wast my rival, but thou wast also my noble benefactor.---I never cursed

thee---no; witness for me every minister of light.---I never in the agonizing struggles which my love endured e'er tainted with so foul a stain my love-sick breast.---Nay, why affirm it, Mary? It could not be; for had such baseness marked my mind, love had ne'er found sanctuary in this breast of mine.

Yes; D'Anville loved thee, loves thee still.---How oft at midnight have I heard him vent the sigh, while from my bosom the responsive groans have numbered out the lingering hours. Ah! little thought my noble friend how watchful was his Chatelar.---How often, hath he called me to him---looked on me with a vacant stare---shook me by the trembling hand, and moistened it with his tears.——Oh God! the pang of jealousy was then no more; it slept within me harmless as the new-born babe; I pitied the best, the noblest friend and master---yes; tears have mingled fast with his.---I knew the solemn truth, and yet, by Him who rules on high, I did not like a dastard triumph in his miseries.---I knew that D'Anville was another's, being bound by the sacred bond of the Divinity——I knew that he was MARRIED! Oh! had I felt within me a spark of gratified malignity, might I then have been accursed for ever.

"My friend, my Chatelar!" would he exclaim, "from thy slumbers have I aroused thee

" ---yes; I have cruelly banished from thine eyes
" the charm of sleep which had ensteeped them
" ---cruelly have I done so; for why shouldst
" thou too suffer?---Quit me; go once more to
" thy repose, dear youth---forgive; and if thou
" canst, forget the peevish temper of thy lord."

I have bathed his hands with my tears---I have fervently blessed him---yes; from my soul have I called down peace to his aid---in vain at intervals has the black demon, jealousy, pictured all my lord's transcendent acquirements---in vain was represented to my brain a fancied smile of more than even glowing approbation, which thou, O Mary! hadst conferred upon my benefactor; pity had then usurped unrivall'd sway, and banished from my soul each grovelling sentiment---yes; it was the struggle of conflicting passions; and though my love was undiminished, my honour and my gratitude were also free from stain.

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* * 'Tis midnight---O my queen! It is the solemn hour when thus I give those raptures vent, which I retrace with agonizing pleasure---yes; for rapture, such as mine, treads on the heel of agony so fast, that both are lost in extacy!

I'll pray---yes, pray; but to whom?---Have I religion? Reason answers in the affirmative;

but my passion will not let me offer praise where contrite prayer is due.—To whom then must I address myself?———To love and Mary.——

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* Oh, matchless power!—Oh, mistress of my heart! thou in whom existence centers—extend thy benignant powers to the most fervent of thy creatures—pour upon my devoted head some pitying ray, to illumine the prospect of an existence rendered by thee dark as Erebus, and cheerless as the cavern of despair.—Let thy invigorating beam infuse into my chaotic soul one bright spark of heavenly comfort, from whence may blaze the unextinguishable flame of requited love——No; it cannot be:—Custom, hateful custom, thou art my bane, and Mary must be lost to Chatelar!—lost to him for ever!——*For ever!*—Oh, horror—inexpressible!—words of death!—Hold, my brain, least burning madness seize me. * * * * *

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* * * Faint and weak I arise from my pallet—all has been at peace—a torpid chill ran through my burning veins—and I've been wafted to Elysium.—Oh! had I awoke no more! for then the last memorial of my fate had now been registered.—And yet, should I not have lost my queen?—What ideas now flash

upon my intellects!---Death! what art thou?---A dream, a separation from all functions of this world---but, shall we know our friends in heaven---shall we love?---All must be love; therefore my paradise in heaven will be my queen.---For her I'll barter all the bliss futurity may have in store; for in the balance they might counterpoise the very heaven of heavens!——Impiety!---Who calls me impious?---was I not framed the creature of love; and is not love my religion?---yes; all is love with me, and therefore all futurity may have to grant concentrates in my queen.

FRAGMENT III.

WHAT have I now to register, but the hateful names of those who are my deadly enemies?—In all the lustre of Aurora dressed, my queen appeared; all Edinborough seemed illumined with the radiance of her charms—I was alone the gloomy object of sullen melancholy—D'Anville too appeared with more than usual grace, and Mary smiled upon him.——Oh! how the daggers pierced my soul, at every glance bestowed upon my friend;—*Hamilton's* great Earl was also there, array'd in all the pomp of proud nobility, and with him came his youthful son, the Earl of Arran.*—I marked his eye—I saw the rosy hue

* The young Earl of Arran was one of the lovers of Mary; and, from his rank, and the wealth of his father, he aspired to possess her person, and the crown of Scotland; but the ambitious views of the parent, and the love of the young Earl, were alike unsuccessful, although the boldest steps were put in practice to obtain her.

mantle his comely face, as he beheld the form of lovely Mary.—He approached her, and on his knee made reverence to his queen beside his aged sire.—She smiled upon him—yes; raised him with a look of sweet beneficence—I sickened at the sight, and at that instant my fire-flashing eyes fixed on D'Anville.—Oh! if conflicting passions wrung my soul, I had a partner in my sufferings—yes!—the Marechal walked hand-in-hand with Chatelar in misery.—Where was then the distinction of rank and title—D'Anville, the great, the noble D'Anville, was as wretched as the creature whom he styles his slave?—I hailed the convincing auspice---I bowed more awe-struck before this soul-subduer, this almighty love.---A paleness, like the livery of death, o'er-spread the features of my friend---black despair and fiery jealousy shot from his eyes by turns; they were the indexes of his soul; they were emanations of the consuming agonies of Chatelar.

Ah! were this but all, a spotless day amid my calendar of woe would have transpired; but more was left behind to wound the heart of D'Anville; more yet remained to torture the wretched Chatelar.

Amid the splendid crowd came the great Earl of Huntley, and with him the paragon of excellence in man: It was his son, the youthful Gor-

don---Heavens! what majesty was in his port; his shape was symmetry, and his countenance manly and open as the face of day.---Upon his knees he came to greet his queen; but as he knelt, such grace was in his motion, that had Apollo's self been there, the god had been a Gordon.

Must I note it down?---accursed moment!---yes; Mary gazed upon him, looked upon young Gordon,* and with such a glance as spoke inter-

* John Gordon, the Earl of Huntley's son, was esteemed the handsomest youth in Scotland; and it is recorded, that he was as accomplished in mind as he was perfect in symmetry of form. He fell passionately in love with Mary, and it is pretty obvious from history, that she was not blind to his perfections. The two families of Huntley and Hamilton were consequently inveterate foes, as the two young heirs to the titles both aspired to ally themselves to the queen by the bond of marriage. The intrigues of the court at length precipitated the unfortunate young Gordon into the most daring actions; and having recourse to arms, he was taken prisoner, when Mary was by compulsion obliged to affix her sign manual to the warrant for his execution; and, that it might appear she had never felt a passion for Gordon, his enemies, who had every ascendancy over the unfortunate Mary, forced her to be personally present at the execution: in order to which, she was stationed at a balcony, commanding a view of the horrid scene. The lovely John Gordon, after protesting his unalterable love, and extolling the beauty of Mary, addressed himself to her from the scaffold, saying, that she was the most lovely but cruel of her sex; when, resigning himself to his fate, the

nal admiration of his beauty; the glow that robed her cheek came and returned with such precipitancy, that all who saw her with the eyes of Chatelar must have confessed her soul was fraught with love---yes; D'Anville confessed it, and his bleeding heart sickened with Chatelar's at the contending agonies which wrung it.

But if Mary loved, Gordon became her lover also; his eyes, each gesture of his countenance, the very motion of his body spoke his soul; 'twas fettered in the rosy chains of love, and illumined with his poignant dart.——Detested rival! unhappy Chatelar, when will thine anguished bosom find repose---when will thine eye-lids close in tranquil sleep?---never, oh! never, never!---peace was ne'er made for Chatelar; sleep hath forsaken him; D'Anville too will rest no more, and Arran's Earl must share with me the bitterness of conflicting jealousy---we are slaves; 'tis Gordon lords it o'er us---he is the chosen son of light, and we must wander in chaotic gloom.---Oh! for Medusa's serpent-locks, the eye of basilisk, or the thunderbolt of Jove, that I might hurl destruction on him:---Revenge lights up my

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executioner severed his head from his body, while Mary, overcome by the poignancy of feelings arising from the struggles of pity and love, fell lifeless into the arms of her attendants, who bore her from the shocking sight.

soul; furies are in my heart; curses are on my tongue; rage is in my soul, and death within my grasp; not all the host of hell is half so terrible as thou, O Gordon! * * * * * * * Peace, peace, fell furies; down accursed, malign revenge; for not unto thee, Oh Gordon! should be attributed the blame.---Thou didst not mould thyself in manly majesty, or give to every action witching grace: ---No, no; nature and love conjoined to frame thy matchless symmetry; and beauty hath given thee all it could bestow---yes: for thou hast Mary's heart, and having that, not Paris, with his boasted Helen, was so doubly bless'd; for thou art master of the goddess, not her gift.

Hark! 'twas D'Anville's bitter groan disturbed the solemn stillness of the hour; for Chatelar is not alone condemned.——Gratitude, I thank thee; for thou hast infused a balm within the bitter draught that curdled all within me---yes: the memory of my benefactor's pangs have tranquilized my mind.---D'Anville is unfortunate, and Chatelar owes D'Anville gratitude.---Beneficent emanation of the Divinity! thou comest to my woe-worn heart like dew-drops from on high, that feed the parched-up lily of the field; or, like the melody of that sweet songster of the night, which, wafted on the stilly breeze of spring, affords a melancholy comfort to the mother weep-

ing the loss of her departed babe.---Not unto these alone may'st thou compare heart-thrilling gratitude; for thou art kindred to God, and dwellest with the angellic host.

Still to court peace, and lull my senses for a transitory period, I will invoke my muse; for poetry can sooth the saddened breast, and harmonize the contending feelings; it is the music of the mind, the language of the soul, which played upon, yields, like the silv'ry-chorded lute, when touched by Mary's 'witching finger, a harmony divine.

BALLAD

TO MY QUEEN.

Ah! say not winter's winds blow bleak,
  Nor tax the snow and drifting rain;
They'll blight the roses of the cheek,
  But never give the bosom pain.

Ah! blame not age's icy dart,
  For nought so marble-cold can be
As Mary's unrelenting heart,
  For she can pity all but me.

Ah! curse not fortune's wav'ring mind,
  For nought so fickle e'er can prove
As she who blights with frown unkind
  The child of truth and matchless love.

Oh Arran! thou hast pow'r and state
  To cancel ev'ry hope of mine—
Oh Gordon! thou art bless'd by fate
  With manly form and port divine.

Yet, though eclips'd by state and pow'r,
  Nor these or beauty can controul
Those flames which ev'ry sense devour,
  That passion which enslaves my soul.

FRAGMENT IV.

How vain are all the efforts of human reason, when put in competition with the impetuous flood of despair; like a barrier incessantly washed by the torrent, it resists for a time only to fall with more vehemence beneath the overwhelming tide.——I see her; I am for ever in her presence; I live in the beam of her eye; I bask in the sunshine of her beauty—yes; I am for ever in the presence of my adored queen, my august and lovely sovereign.—Oh Gordon! my throbbing heart, my woe-worn countenance, beholds thee with unutterable anguish; thy rank, thy wealth, but more than all, thy form and Mary's affection give thee a claim which the unhappy Chatelar can never aspire to.——But, what are claims? they have no tie upon love; they cannot nip the blossoms of the heart, nor blight its fond pretensions: Chatelar may therefore love, though he is denied e'en hope.—Is it, then, one

dreary blank; am I henceforth to look on life but as one dreary waste, a trackless desert; and is all before me withered and accursed?—My brain cannot withstand the horrid contemplation; my blood feels the quick revulsion, and rushes with tenfold more precipitancy to my heart; and yet, my languishing but sickened fancy struggles to present once more in thought the beauty and enchantment of my lovely queen. ——Ah! what a glance, what a stolen but rapturous gaze I this day bent upon her features!—Yes! I devoured in speechless amazement the soul-subduing charms; I pant but to enjoy, and then expire with rapture.—Her chamber—Yes; I passed it; I caught the blissful moment when, absorbed in meditation, she thought herself alone——Ah! that chamber! Where is the rash being who would venture to seek repose within that sanctuary of love and beauty? I would tear him from existence—Yes! I could refine on savage cruelty; the monster should be blotted from the race of men; for who can dare contend with me the rivalship of a scene too mighty even for *my* glowing senses? * * *

* * * * This rosary was the theft of love,—surely 'tis forgiven; I stole the secret moment, and in the absence of my love I made myself possessor of these beads unseen.—Heavenly powers! they were Mary's; her ivory

fingers, with love-thrilling touch, have pressed these little amber studs; her lips! love, love, omniscient love! her lips too have kissed them! Come, come to mine—thus—and thus;—and thus I scent their fragrance, and I suck their sweets! —Oh, balmy essence! nectareous juice! ting'd with the vermil die of those moist rubies, which moving utter dulcet music, and dispense around the violet's rich perfume.——O! mouth more exquisite than fragrant May! more luscious than the busy bee's rich store! thus, then, I taste thee; for nought that thou hast pressed can ever be bereft of sweets.—Mary too has knelt, while pressing this rosary to her lips—sink, then, my obedient knees, and learn, O Chatelar! to offer up thy orison.—But, ah! to what a summit must I rear my humid eyes, ere I can obtain one faint ray of light that may illumine my prayers, and render them as acceptable as Mary's at the Throne of Grace; still will I pray; these beads will surely give me inspiration; for they were an angel's, and mercy is the first, the greatest attribute of Heaven.

FRAGMENT V.

I THOUGHT myself the most accursed of beings; throughout the wide world's expanse I did not imagine there existed one so hapless as Chatelar.——Ah! D'Anville, my friend, my patron, and my benefactor, what are now thy thoughts? Who can picture all thy sum of wretchedness?—They banish * thee, they force thee from the ob-

* The Earl of Hamilton, and the Earl of Huntley, anxious for the success of their respective sons, and witnessing the noble qualifications of the Marechal D'Anville, and the pointed marks of attention manifested towards him by Mary, determined on banishing so formidable a rival; and to effect this, through their interest a very old and obsolete law was put in force, banishing all such as were residents in Scotland, being foreigners by birth; this order of course comprehended the Marechal D'Anville, who was compelled to quit Scotland, leaving his secretary, Chatelar, who was by birth a Scotchman, to forward all his communications to the queen, and, by his poetry, and every other means he could devise, preserve his memory fresh in her mind.

ject of thine adoration; awe-struck at thy perfections, the Earls of Hamilton and Huntley drive thee hence unto thy native shore; for thou art a foe too puissant to escape their rancour and their jealousy—Yes! *Arran* fears thee—nay, even *Gordon*, anxious for more bliss than 'longs to mortal man, envies a smile conferred on any but himself.

Wretched D'Anville, fortunate Chatelar; and yet not so: for I must either wrong the best of friends, or plead his cause against mine own——Cruel fate!---What! can I stain my soul with base dishonour? Can Chatelar, school'd in virtue and in truth, descend to vile deception? Can he forget his lord and benefactor?---Never! no, never be it said I stoop'd to such detested meanness.---I will be just---I will be generous; nor wrong the heart that fostered me.---But, ah! how little thinks my friend the task he has imposed; how little knows he the workings of that breast, to which he has confided all the raging madness of his own.

He hath but now retired, I will not say to rest; for he, like Chatelar, forgets the name of sleep; within his trembling hand he grasped the fatal mandate for his banishment---madness was in his eye; death o'erspread his cheek; despair and love marked every gesture——Oh! my heart still bleeds for his distress; and for his quiet I

would barter my peace, my liberty, my life—nay, every thing but love!

D'Anville must quit her—he must tear himself from happiness!—Great God! and what could tear away poor Chatelar?—Nothing!—nothing but his *will*; and yet all are superior in their claims to Chatelar, who in his turn lords it o'er them in love.

D'Anville is noble—yes; he possesses every attribute to claim a queen; but then, he has a wife already.—Oh! had that all-potent spell not bound my lord—even thou, O Gordon! wouldst have wept unheeded, and forlorn.

Proud Arran, riches are thine, and rank and title thou commandest to merit such alliance; and yet the bliss evades thy fervent grasp.

Thou too, O Gordon! hast title, riches, manly beauty, and perfections rare—nay, and preference from the angel thou adorest.—To counterpoise all these, behold poor Chatelar: nor wealth, nor title, nor exquisite endowments, unto him belong—love is his fortune, love his title, and love his only claim to merit Mary's favour.—To the frigid world 'tis poverty; with Chatelar 'tis every thing, if it can but purchase one ray of commiseration from the goddess of his soul.

To-morrow's sun lights D'Anville to his fate; he quits his idol—quits her, perhaps, for ever! while the unregarded Chatelar remains to bask

in the full radiance of Mary's charms---nay, and perhaps the predilection for my lord may prompt her more than ever to indulge my fervent wishes in her presence---yes!---I will plead the cause of D'Anville, but the effusions must be those of Chatelar; I will read my love-sick tales as in behalf of him I serve; but if my eyes and faltering tongue betray me, love is to blame, not Chatelar.

Methinks I see expectant Arran glorying in the defeat of D'Anville, and lording it o'er my benefactor's misfortunes.---I could annihilate the monster who felt pleasure at his miseries; for even I---yes, Chatelar, who has most cause for joy at his dismissal, because he has the least expectancy---even he can pity D'Anville.---But, ah! fond youth, thy bitter foe remains behind; Arran must still encounter Gordon, and Gordon too must meet a Chatelar. If I must perish, let me nobly meet my fate; let me expire beneath the arm of Gordon, or Gordon yield to mine; for he alone remains to harrow up my frenzied thoughts, and plant within my soul the sting of lasting jealousy.——Corrosive madness! infernal fiend!---What art thou, Jealousy?---Thou mak'st me almost deny the heavenly attributes of love; for thou art its sure attendant, and what can taste more than thee of dire damnation?—Hold, hold, the bitter hath its sweet; the rose

its thorn; the gilded snake its poison and its sting:---What is more sweet, more fragrant, or more witching to the sense, than love?---Our cup is mingled, and to our every drop of bliss ensues a sea of woe.---Love is on earth the extacy of pleasure, and jealousy the dire excess of pain: nature ordains that one should counterpoise the other, and he who has the most of love, must feel the more acutely jealousy.

But is it just, that Chatelar should bear the galling anguish without expectancy; that he should pine unheeded and forlorn, even where most he would be unconcealed? must he be doom'd to witness foe succeeding foe, and live upon his groans, his tears, and jealousy, without the bold confession of his flame?---perish the thought!---She shall---yes! Mary, my queen, shall know the pangs of Chatelar; for that, and that alone, may yield me victory---yes; for Mary has a soul for tenderness and soft commiseration.---I need it now; the busy fancy reconciles impossibilities, and, as the mariner who feebly grasps the plank surrounded by a sea of deadly horrors, so Chatelar, amid the gloom of black despair, illumines the fallacious torch of hope, and wanders in the mazes of gilded fallacy.

Ah! Hope, thou flitting phantom, thou gaudy illusion, thou fond misleader of the wrecked sen-

ses, that fram'st a paradise of airy nothingness, canst thou in pleasing dreams still picture possibility to D'Anville as to me? if so, thou art the veriest cozener of created beings, the *ignis fatuus* of existence, and man should drive thee hence with reason's icy lash, and chain thee in the fathomless depths of everlasting oblivion.

Why am I? wherefore was Chatelar created? to whom are his praises due?---scarce nineteen summers yet have mark'd my pilgrimage of life, and I am doom'd to love, and love in vain.---Oh! that I could drive the demon, melancholy, from me; that fiend, who now sits hovering o'er my soul, affrighting every gleam that might afford me comfort.——No! not even the air-fram'd phantom of my queen can chace the gloom away. —Life is all a blank to me; for reason bids me cease to hope.---Better be warm'd by madness, than chill'd by coward fear; better burn with jealousy, than die the silent fool of black despair---yes!—I see him, he smiles; Gordon, the happy Gordon, mocks my grief, and Mary, cruel Mary, sanctions all—yes! her eyes beam heaven upon him; Gordon is bless'd, and Chatelar accursed for ever.——The flame is kindled in my veins; 'tis the murderous hour of night; furies now prowl; in church-yards beldams sing their incantations; and Chatelar too is the slave of jealousy. * * * * * *

TO THE DEMON, JEALOUSY.

To such as feel the body's pain,
  And cry with anguish, I would say—
With joy your agonies sustain;
  For I am suff'ring more than they.

To such as feel the weight of care,
  And curse the world with bitter tear,
I fain would say—your sorrows bear;
  For agony is only here.

If say rail at Fortune cross'd,
  I'd say, your wealth you may regain;
But all my peace and joy are lost—
  My days are woe, my nights are pain.

If death of parent, or of wife,
  If loss of infant, or of friend,
Assail the mind; yet still the strife
  May wear away—mine hath no end.

Nor malice, or revenge can live,
  Like those fell pangs which I endure;
For time may teach them to forgive,
  But time my woes can never cure.

To say what can surpass all these,
And prove *that torture* lives in me,
It is that sting which knows no ease—
The pang of hell-fraught Jealousy.

FRAGMENT VI.

CHATELAR, thou hast drained the sluices of thine eyes, and not a tear remains to commiserate thine own distress.---For D'Anville thou hast wept; for him whose friendship fostered thee, and whose rank protected thee; for him who bids these shores adieu for ever, hast thou rendered the flood of agonizing woe.

This morn he took a solemn sad farewel of lovely Mary; upon her beauteous hand he left the parting kiss, and with it fell a pearly tear, that sparkled like the May-morn gem upon the lily's spotless bosom.---Heavens! what sadness mantled Mary's brow; what pale dejection clad the features of my lord.---He look'd, as did our first parent, Adam, when at the portals of the paradise he'd forfeited; he gazed upon the sterile expanse that surrounded him, a monumental effigy of fix'd despair.

The Marechal in silence left the queen; he strove to speak, but utterance was denied him;

yet, ah! what language was there in his manly eye, which to the last bent languishingly on the queen.——Can it be?---Yes!---Chatelar confesses, that pity stifled envy in his breast; he felt not for himself, but for D'Anville.

Supported on my arm my wretched lord, with an unsteady step and downcast look, bent his course towards his chamber.---Still was he speechless, and still within his hand he clasped mine own; he fixed his gaze upon me, and, after venting forth a struggling groan, he thus bespoke me:---

"Dear youth, my friend, my Chatelar, would "that I might exchange with thee the bliss of "still remaining here, and sighing out existence "'fore the queen of love.---Thou know'st my "soul---but, ah! thou know'st not all the pangs "which it endures, my Chatelar.---To thee must "I commit my fate; plead for me, my friend; "and, if in language is to be conjured up, expres-"sion bold enough to picture all my anguish, "then let that language be my friend's.---Speak "of my love, my grief, my madness, and my "jealousy——Oh! detested bondage that en-"slaves me---accursed tie which has for ever "link'd me to another!---Had I not worn those "fetters, Mary perchance might have been mine, "and I for ever blessed with love and inexpres-"sive extacy."

D'Anville arose, he threw his arms around me, and manly tears flowed fast upon me; mine too kept them company, and every blessing of gratitude rush'd impetuously upon my soul.

" Farewel, farewel, my Chatelar!" D'Anville exclaimed; " thy friend commits his heart " to thee---Adieu, and Heaven for ever guard " thee."

The Marechal rush'd from the chamber, his attendants awaited below their lord's approach; I uttered a sad farewel to him I reverence, but my streaming tears forbad my attendance on him.——From yonder casement, through which the moon now throws its steady ray, I saw the miserable D'Anville vault his steed; first towards the lattice of Queen Mary's room he turned his glist'ning eye---he saw not the object which he sought; towards poor Chatelar his gaze then turned; he placed his hand upon his heart, then reared it towards heaven:---'twas the signal of his love, and unto me a lesson of fidelity.---Again towards the queen of love he turned his wistful look---he beheld her; D'Anville gazed upon the bright star of day; taking his bonnet from his brow, he waved it thrice in air, and wafting as love's messenger one parting sigh, he quickly disappeared.

Thus parted D'Anville from the heavenly maid, and thus is Chatelar by friendship bound to plead

his cause---yes; now shall I be permitted to attend the source of all my extacy and all my pain; in private I shall view her, and feed upon her rapturous charms; sing ditties to her listening ear, and speak the language of my breast without controul.——Dares Chatelar require more joy; should I not for ever bless that fate which gives to me what it denies D'Anville; which even will allow the presence of Chatelar, when favoured Gordon's self is not permitted to approach?---'Tis too much---heaven opens to my panting brain---I live, I bask in love!---Can the warm poet's fancy picture to my senses such elysium as I feel?---Where is such light as Mary's eyes dispense; where is the fragrance of her breath---the music of her voice---the symmetry of her form---the graceful motion of each limb---and that enchanting smile that plays around her roseat lip?---To live within the vortex of all these surpasses what my sick'ning soul could hope for. ---A rhapsody of joy entrances me---I am not of this earth; 'tis not in this sublunary state to feel as I do! * * * * * * * * * * I faint——'tis rapture—— Mary!——My queen!——My love——my love——

AIR.

TRISTE AMOUR.*

Une reine est maitresse de mon cœur;
Elle reigne part tout,
Car ses beaux yæux,
Sont les deux sceptres de l'amour;
Et quand vers moi ils tournent leurs brillantes flames,
Le feu d'amour s'empare de tout mon ame.

Heneux si j'etois souverain,
De tout le ciel
Peut etre elle,
Ne voudras pas que j'aime en vain;
Mais comme je suis en silence je soupire
J'ose bien aimer, mais je n'ose pas le dire.

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* The annexed French ballad is conjectured to be that alluded to by Chatelar in the ensuing fragment; and it appears, that this effusion was the first written by the unfortunate youth after the departure of his patron, the Marechal D'Anville, from the court of Scotland: it is certainly expressive of the most fervent love and adoration, and the conclusive couplet is peculiarly applicable to the hopeless situation of the unfortunate writer. The editor has given this little composition as a specimen of the original productions of Chatelar, to which he has subjoined his translation;

AIR.

TRANSLATION.

A QUEEN is mistress of my soul;
I idolize
Her brilliant eyes,
Love's sceptres which all hearts controul;
And when tow'rd me their ardent fires they turn,
Love's flames within my breast more furious burn.

Were I but sov'reign of the sky,
Her love might be
Conferr'd on me,
And I unheeded should not sigh;
But as I am, in silence I must feel
Love's sacred flame, and yet that flame conceal.

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and from this specimen he conceives, it will appear obvious how far inferior his attempts at imitation are to the original productions in the French language.

FRAGMENT VII.

A DAY of uninterrupted bliss has now transpired---Oh! let me chronicle the welcome truth, and chequer with the renovating smile of love one page of that great book which has hitherto been sullied by bitter misfortune.

This morn a summons called me to my queen: Mary deigned to invite poor Chatelar, who, on the wings of timid hope, expectancy, and love, obeyed the welcome mandate. As I entered, a single female attendant waited her commands, when, scarcely had my trembling knee paid her the homage due, ere Mary dismissed her. Upon the left-hand rested the lovely cheek of my goddess, her taper fingers being partly concealed by the profusion of auburn hair that flowed in wavy tresses upon her milk-hue'd bosom; her right-arm in graceful negligence rested upon the flowing drapery of sable velvet wherewith she was arrayed; it looked like Parian marble embossed

on jett, while her hand, on which were visible the faintest streaks of azure hue, held the divine effusions of Petrarch to his Laura well beloved. From beneath her robe stole forth her little foot, and, to heighten still more the blissful enchantment, her exquisitely formed ancle was just observable, speaking the perfect symmetry that reigned above.---She gazed upon me---yes; she looked with kindness on Chatelar, while her moistened lips just moved the order for my quitting the prostrate position I had assumed, when thus my queen continued:

"Chatelar, thou art the highly-favoured of the "Marechal D'Anville; he hath spoken much of "thy deserts, and prayed me to look kindly on "thee. He hath also made known thy love of "poetry and music, and, to sooth the hour of "sweet retirement, have I therefore summoned "thee into my presence.---Take then the lute, "and to the melody of some plaintive air attune "its dulcit chords, to kill the sadness of my "soul."

I bowed obedience;---exquisite moment which enabled me to breathe my love-sick pain.---I took the lute---my voice was softened into more than mortal thrill---my trembling fingers scarcely touched the strings.---I sung the melancholy ditty, *Triste Amour*——Yes! even Mary was surprised; such mighty power had Love within me,

that he commanded admiration from my queen. This little effusion of my brain gave satisfaction to the goddess of my soul, and she continued immovable, save when her hand was raised to wipe away a glistening tear, that rendered her azure eye more witchingly enchanting.---I know not what was in my voice, but every gesture must have spoke the language of my breast; my soul o'erflowed with keen delight; and with quick palpitation my fluttering heart made the response to every swell of Mary's lovely bosom.---I ceased; and as the cadence died away, a sigh from my o'ercharged bosom eased the acuteness of my bliss, which almost stifled utterance.

A pause ensued; my queen seemed lost in meditation, while I devoured in speechless rapture the world of bliss before me.---Raising her eyes at length she fixed them on my countenance, saying, in a melting tone of voice----

"The Marechal has not o'er-rated thy abili-
"ties, Chatelar, and I shall become a constant
"intruder on thy kind condescension; say, were
"those lines the effusions of thy pen, which did
"but now accompany the air thou sangst?"

Yes; Mary deigned to ask the question---nay more, she hath required of me a transcript of my ditty, as token of her approbation.---Who can be more favoured than Chatelar? Can there be showered on mortal man a greater blessing?

Again she bad me strike the lute, when at that moment the volume of Petrarch fell from her hand; I sprang forward to raise it from the ground, my royal mistress too had bent her lovely form towards it---I seized the precious volume which had been rendered inestimable by her touch, and, turning hastily, presented it upon my knee——But, at that instant---Oh! heavenly sight!---Yes! Mary's reclining posture gave to my eyes the swelling riches of her neck and bosom.---A momentary annihilation seized me; every pulse was immovable; the current of my blood was stopped, and my fainting heart forgot its wonted palpitation.——God! what a sight! they swell'd like snowy orbs crowned with two blushing rose-buds of the fragrant spring.

"No, Chatelar," breath'd my goddess with a smile, "Petrarch shall be thine:"---Mary presented me the volume; I bowed, and as I hid it in my bosom, my heart just palpitating whispered---

"Oh! let me then live for love and Laura."

I raised the lute; my senses were scattered; all recollection wandered in the mazes of forgetfulness;---my fingers too forgot their wonted motion; I was annihilated to every sensation but rapturous love!---It must have been perceptible; Mary could not but witness all the conflict of my mind.——Generous, gentle creature; she

did not frown at my distress, nor did her tongue repeat the wish of hearing me.

My recollection again returned; 'twas gratitude then swelled my soul to tears; benignity was in Mary's eye.---Almighty love can only tell what passed within my heart; heaven can alone unfold what must have struck the soul of my adored, on witnessing my agitation. I would have offered an excuse---the words were on my lips, but they refused to utter aught but truth, and truth would have been *love*. I struck the string, and in the extacy that entranced my soul, thus gave to sound the momentary bliss which had enraptured me.---

BALLAD.

Ah! cruel love, why rove unseen?
In myrtle fetters bind the queen,
  Who shuns a humble youth;
On wanton pinions send thy dart,
Fresh purpled from my bleeding heart,
  And wing'd with matchless truth.

So should I reign o'er ev'ry charm,
Nor feel dread jealousy's alarm,
  But taste of joys above.
I ask not wealth, or to be great,
With her I'd scorn the frowns of fate,
  And only live for love.

I dared not raise mine eyes, fearful of meeting the glance of her I loved; methought I had been too presumptuous, and my blood turned icy cold, till Mary's sweet words infused reanimation.---

"The voice that yields such melody," said my queen, "must be as capable of reading as of "harmony; take, then, these manuscripts of "Ronsard,* and let me listen to his verse." As she spoke she gave into my hand the volume which contained the pleasing strains: I read, and at each pause my ear was greeted with some kind word of praise for my endeavour.——Here let me pause awhile; the day of bliss I passed defies the aid of language; there is no tongue, no unison of sounds so sweet, as can convey the harmony of the love-entranced soul.——Sweetest of poets! Petrarch revered, now rendered even more divine by the gentle giver's touch;

* The French poet, *Ronsard*, lived in the time of Mary Queen of Scots, and was very popular in his native country: He flourished under *Charles the Ninth*, then King of France, and the Editor, therefore, conjectures that the accomplished Mary, anxious to become possessed of the effusions of a living genius, (with whose writings the French court were conversant) must have made application to Ronsard, from whom she received the manuscripts here alluded to. There are old editions of the works of Ronsard still extant in the French language.

come to my soul, and let me feast upon the magic music of thy heavenly numbers, till the soft soother of the senses lulls my soul to rest with dreams of bliss and Mary.---Come too sweet rosary, and rest thee on my heart, for poesy shall be my prayer, since my divinity is love.

To-morrow, in robed majesty, my queen receives the titled subjects of her realm---yes; in state I shall behold her, and think with smiles of joy on all the happiness of this bless'd day, while *Arran*, and aspiring *Gordon* too, can only sigh their fond desires in cold respect and awe-struck admiration.———Triumphant thought! more grateful to my senses than sweetest music to the sadden'd soul, or soothing sleep to glare-eyed watchful madness.——Peace rocks my soul; all heaven is in my mind; rapture swells my breast; blessings are on my tongue; while dimpled love with glowing arrow paints the form of Mary on my bleeding heart.

FRAGMENT VIII.

It has transpired---the day of grandeur now is closed, and Chatelar is left to give his feelings unrestrained vent.——Amid this morning's pageantry how pensive was my soul; my youthful mind, dead to the feelings which should mark my age, felt not even one solitary desire to mingle with the gaudy throng: enfolded in the arms of love I stood, nor deigned to cast a thought on sublunary greatness.

The goddess of my adoration, decked in sublimest majesty, commanded admiration from the noble throng: *Arran* and *Gordon* strove for mastery, but her smiles were diffused on all alike, and neither seemed to gain pre-eminence.---As when the beaming eye of day casts all around its noontide lustre, reanimating every plant with the same fostering and invigorating ray, so did my queen dispense around the soften'd lustre of her azure eyes to gladden each observer.

Arran desponding, from the presence of his queen retired, and Gordon's brow, o'ershadowed by the gloom of pensive melancholy, gave signal token of the anguish that preyed within his soul. Chatelar, the seemingly despised, neglected Chatelar, was alone at peace, and feasted mentally on hope and love.

To-morrow I shall see the lovely Mary---yes; to-morrow, freed from restraint and courtly majesty, my queen will deign to look upon me; her ears will listen to my fervent love:---Oh! would that she devined, and cherished in her breast, the truth which this fond soul avows.——Hope gilds my fancy, and I breathe again.---But, ah! what do my warm desires infuse---what is it I wish for?---To languish in the arms of her I love---to die on Mary's bosom?——Heavens! what new ideas now flash upon my brain---that volume of

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* Francis Petrarch was a native of Arezzo, in Italy, and was born in 1304. He was a refined scholar, and the most classical poet of his time: Being at Avignon, he there first beheld the beautiful Laura, a married lady of that city, in whose praise so many of his effusions were composed; but so romantic was the passion of Petrarch, and so fervent his love, that, it is said, he was in her company but once during the period of twenty years, contenting himself with beholding her in the streets of the city, where chance so ordained itt ha the should meet her. Petrarch, to indulge his melancholy, retired to a romantic

thy love, Petrarch,* should instruct me how to feel supremely happy.---Thou hadst not even hope; thy Laura was another's; and thou the votary of pure religion.---'Twas given me by my queen---yes; this volume is the lesson of true love, and Chatelar must learn to live a new Petrarch.---Blighted in celestial joy, thy brow, sweet poet, wore the blooming wreath of honour ---yes; 'twas thou who from Apollo took'st the lyre, and with such plaintive sweetness tuned the string to love's soft note, as gave thee everlasting fame.---Teach me, like thee, to live for ages on a look, and hang with rapture on the air-drawn form of her I reverence.---Am I not more blessed than tongue can tell, or ardent fancy picture to the senses?——Come Petrarch, come kind physician of my doating soul; from thy delicious

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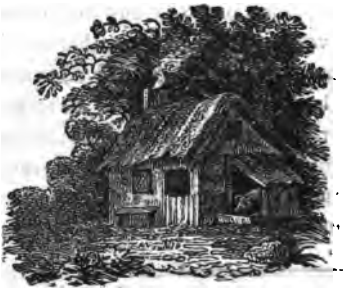
spot near Avignon, called Vaucluse; but he was called from this seclusion by two embassies; the one from the Roman senate, the other from the University of Paris, both being desirous of crowning him the Prince of Poets. Petrarch, to use his own expression, chose Rome for his coronation, as being "the capital of the world, the queen of cities;" and he in consequence was invested with this honour in the capitol of that city. He died at an advanced age, still cherishing to the last the flame with which his Laura had inspired him.

stream of love-sick harmony will I now quaff my fill, and what I cannot realize, still learn to substantiate in mental rapture.



FRAGMENT IX.

DAY has succeeded day, and every rising sun has bless'd me with the sight of Mary.---A thousand times I've tun'd the lute to strains of love, or read the passionate effusions of the wrapt poet's soul, to the celestial queen of bliss!---She has listened, she has wept, she has applauded me.---In vain at midnight have I taken up my pen, to trace the raptures that entranced me; the thread was broken, and to give to language what my soul concealed was not in Chatelar, nor in the brain of human nature to impart.

Week has crept on, and still another ushered in fresh extacy; and now hath time just measured out three moons, since D'Anville left his Chatelar in full possession of a world of joy.---Three secret letters have by me been given unto my queen, the sad effusions of my lord.---I have watched the features of my love, when o'er the lines her beamy eyes have roved;—dejection sat

upon her brow, and frequently the pitying tear would course adown her cheek, from whence the rose was plucked by tenderness and grief.

A day of trial must ensue; the morrow's sun lights Gordon to my queen: he hath entreated, and she allows him her consent to speak awhile in private to her.—It is the first dark cloud that hath arose to throw the gloom of sadness on the bright hemisphere of pleasure that has environed me.—Why should not Chatelar presume ere it be yet too late? why should not Mary know that I among the rest have yielded up my soul to her all-subduing charms?---What is thy family, Oh Gordon! that Chatelar should not, like thee, make his claim known unto the queen? Hast thou more honour in thy nature, more courage in misfortune, more valour in the hour of peril, and half the sum of love which now consumes me? if in all these thou art not more exalted than myself, then Chatelar ranks in Nature's book of immutable truth as great as thou thyself art.

Nature knows no claim of sublunary greatness; imperial dignity cannot enshield the wearer from the pang of grief, the agonizing torture of consuming pain, or the fell shaft of annihilating death: man is but man, and greatness, like the gaudy beam of day, must yield unto the scarfing robe of ebon night.——I defy thee---yes, Gor-

don, Chatelar dare defy thee; and did thine arm possess the iron sinews of a second Hercules, still would I throw defiance in thy teeth, and rest my hope of victory in love ——my hope---my assurance I would say; for what could controul the fury of a heart burning with such affection as now blazes forth in me? I would meet the hungry lion in his den, or the fell tyger prowling for his prey; I would face the winged dragon of the rocks, or teach fell Cerberus to lick my very feet, and sue for mercy.---Passion when shackled becomes the frenzy of the soul, nor spares the being who would dare oppose it.---I own no power but love ---I reverence no creature but my queen: to lose her would be death; and he that should attempt to rob me of her love encounters a twofold enemy: I strive for love, and life without it, I'd thank the created man who should at once annihilate; but thus possessing the smiles of Mary, not all the world shall tear the jewel of existence from me!——Come *Dante*,* let thy glowing page

* Dante, the Italian poet, was one of those transcendent geniuses that very rarely spring up to dazzle the world with a sublimity of composition. This poet, who lived in a dark and superstitious age, was not shackled by any of the trammels which had marked the compositions of his successors; on the contrary, he seemed formed to prove to the world the astonishing powers of the human intellect. The mind has in general advanced by progressive steps,

instruct me how to act; teach me, with the fire of thy transcendent lines, to tyrannize with love; teach me to give my heart the adamantine armour of hatred, to all who dare oppose my soul-entranced passion.

Thy numbers, most sublime of men, break upon the fancy like aweful thunder riding from afar upon the gloomy clouds, or as the dashing torrent roaring from on high, and foaming in its rapid fall; even so thy pen, in terrifying numbers, hath astounded every sense, and taught my soul sublimity.---Yes, *Dante* shall be my theme to night; he shall awaken every dormant faculty: I will rivet mine eyes unto his god-like verse, and learn to verify the poet's heaven-fraught fiction. ——Come mind, with rapture fraught, and couple with a kindred spirit; *Dante* shall be to Chatelar as fewel to the blazing fire---yes: I will dare every thing that honour shall approve, and love and Mary sanction.

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and it is very rare, indeed, that we find a genius soaring above the usual standard; but it is in this instance that Dante ranks so eminently conspicuous. In the delineation of every passion he was alike transcendent; whether tyranny or cruelty, virtue or vice, craft or imposture, were the subjects of his muse, the same fire and truth marked his verse.---In short, no age has produced a genius more sublime, and so perfectly calculated to correct the taste, and give birth to the genuine effusions of unfettered poetry.

FRAGMENT X.

He hath beheld her: this morn in private Gordon saw my queen.---What a torture of suspense ensued---yes: I might have heard his protestations, and beheld his fervent gestures, but the meanness was too dastardly for Chatelar; I could not taint my soul with slave-like baseness.——Heavenly powers! how sluggard pass'd the minutes of their hated interview.---I felt——Oh! Mary, let me not tell thee all the scorpion stings that wrung my heart with anguish.—He left thee; Gordon retired: with pensive step I saw him pace along the gallery——It was not D'Anville, and I hated him.---Yes; *Dante* had put to flight all woman's weakness, and every inmate of my breast was rage, revenge, and jealousy!—A lingering hour ensued, and then my Mary summoned me: I looked upon her sadden'd eye, that lan-

guishingly spoke internal sorrow.---Thy precepts, *Dante*, were no more; I sunk in the sweet dream of love, and to these numbers touch'd the thrilling string, that spoke the beauties of my queen beloved.---

THE PICTURE OF MY QUEEN.

Ah! wou'dst thou see the azure sky,
  And feast upon the blooming rose,
Etherial blue is Mary's eye,
  The damask tinge her cheeks disclose.

Wou'dst thou behold the lily dress'd
  And view each graceful wave display'd,
Gaze on her gently heaving breast,
  And see her locks in gold array'd.

Or wou'dst thou hear the bird of night,
  Whose notes melodious fill the grove,
'Tis Mary's song that yields delight,
  So peerless is the queen of love.

Scarcely had I sang to thee my strain, O queen of bliss, when thou didst deign address me.---Never shall I forget thy words: they shall be noted on my tablet, that, if the shaft of fate

should summon me into another world, thine eyes, dear mistress of my heart, may once recal them, and teach thy soul to waft one pitying sigh for the departed spirit of him that loved thee.

You spoke---yes, tenderly addressed me thus:

"Chatelar, methinks some soft and hidden "sentiment must attune thy muse, which ever "breathes the strain of love and melancholy; so "young thou art, and yet so sad, that it should "seem indeed as if some canker preyed upon thy "soul---say, is it within the scope of Mary's poor "ability to serve thee; for I can pity others woes, "and willingly relieve them?"

I was motionless, the lute escaped my hand, a mist o'erspread the visions of my sight, and all the world was lost to Chatelar! * *

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* * * * * I awoke, and on my pallet I found myself, whither thy gentleness and pity commanded that I should be borne, while thy attendants gently vied in kind endeavours for my re-animation.——Ah! could I then have spoke, my fate had been at once decided; but feeling stopped the current of my voice---I wandered in the mazes of extatic bliss ---I died with love!

It must ensue, my queen must know I live for her, and her alone; her words demand it; she

sanctions the confession, and shall hear the glowing truth.——But, ah! I cannot in her presence speak it, else had my Mary yestermorn been guardian of my love-sick tale.—I will on paper give the effusions vent; a letter shall confess them to the mistress of my heart. Yet hold, my mind is ill assorted to such a theme: come my *Petrarch*, let thy softened phrase teach me in plaintive strains to breathe my passion. Thou too *Boccacio** shall aid me in this bold attempt: yes, thy *Laberinto D'Amore* will tutor me to give my world of passion vent: thy *L'Amoroso Visione* shall picture all I feel. Oh! that I could pluck a quill from love's down wing, or write my warm confession with his blazing arrow dipped in my heart's best blood; then might I perchance

* Boccacio was born in 1313, and was the natural son of an Italian merchant, who endeavoured to instil into his mind a love of trade; but his genius soaring above the pursuit of commerce, he was then intended for the study of the law, which he proved equally averse to, and launched at length into the field of composition. His poetic effusions are by no means so worthy applause as his prose; and no production perhaps, of the same kind, ever surpassed his *Il Decamerone*; being a collection of One Hundred Tales. He was the bosom-friend of *Petrarch*, and never was a more striking instance of fervent attachment between the two greatest geniuses of the age they lived in, than was witnessed in the persons of *Boccacio* and *Petrarch*.

in part explain the passion that consumes me, and melt my Mary into fond compassion. The die is cast; to-morrow shall make Chatelar for ever blessed, or yield him up the victim of despair.

FRAGMENT XI.

Come death! come sweet annihilation and terminate at once the horrors of existence! Mary —yes my queen discards me, contemns my passion, and sends the fatal mandate for my dismissal hence. Do I exist? Is this the happiness I fondly pictured?—Fool that I am! poor doating infant, how have I quaffed the sweet illusions of hope only to feel the venom of despair more poignant to my soul.

And wilt thou not befriend me, death? Dost thou contemn me? I have the will, I have the power, and who can stay me? Come faithful steel, and end at once this conflict of my griefs; come; for 'tis Mary sends thee on the annihilating errand, and therefore do thy work with chearfulness. There is but this, 'twixt me and the cold grave, and then I rush from misery and hopeless love. But whither, Ah! where do I hurry? Is it forgetfulness? Is it annihilation? Re-

ligion, thou bring'st a phalanx of contending thoughts to puzzle and appal me. Self-immolation! hath the Omnipotent then placed a bar 'twixt this life-ending dagger and my heart? must I endure and be accursed here, or seek my fate and still exist the creature of thy wrath hereafter? how determine, how explore the labyrinth which entangles me? Cowardice!—What, can it be coward-like to spurn the certainty I have, and fly to regions unexplored? Where hope exists, life would become a stake too dear to hazard at one fell cast; but all with me is dreariness; and if I live, existence pictures to my mind one cheerless blank; a life of hopeless love, despair, and jealousy. Can I behold her another's? can I suffer a creature to bask in the full blaze of her charms, and not hurl him to perdition? Impossible! then life still cherished must taint my soul with murder! Time, what art thou? the space of life is but a day; and shall not I still bear my agonies? in vain, therefore, wouldst thou still physic my sad mind with hope that years may steep my griefs in sweet forgetfulness. Never; no, never, will Chatelar forget to love; never can he banish Mary from the tablet of his heart; she lives, she blazes there for ever and for ever! Religion, thou art to me no comforter. Time, thou art no healer of my pain; then still must I recur to thee, life-terminating dagger. What,

can my brain still conjure up excuse upon excuse, and war against my better reason? I will give thought full scope, though nothing can stir me from my determination—*Death.*

The grave! yes, Chatelar, it may be found, and honourably found without thy stir. War may accomplish thine intent, and bury thee with Honour. Thou may'st court it in the field; thou may'st bare thy bosom to its shaft and sink renowned into the shades of calm oblivion.

Dost thou not mock me all-devouring death? wilt thou not fly me then, and laugh thy wretched supplicant to scorn? No—still art thou here: still may this keen weapon do its work, and Chatelar rest with thee * * * * * * * * * * * * * * I will begone; heavens! that ever Chatelar should live to say it: yes, I will rid thee, Mary, of my hateful form for ever. France shall behold me: I will tear myself from love's celestial court, and hie me to the bloody banquettings of hungry Mars: but not like him shall I return again unto the queen of love. Rest here then, steel, for still I look to thee. Come, dearest rosary, that when I press the sod drench'd with my flowing blood, I may imprint on thee a parting kiss, and on life's terminating sigh waft forth the name of Mary. Come too Petrarch, for Chatelar is now more hopeless than ever thou thyself wast: yes, come then,

sweet gift of my bright queen, rest here upon my heart, for thou shalt be my study till I yield my breath upon the field of honour.

Thanks, eternal Providence, that Chatelar was not the child of greatness; for no creature but my offended Mary desires the fate of him who dies her slave; 'tis true she hath dismissed me, but with tempered sweetness bids me learn to know my state, and then she may accord a kind forgiveness. To my bright queen alone the passion of my heart is thus revealed; and she, I am sure, will not refuse forgiveness in the grave. Perhaps the fate of Chatelar will call forth a tear of kind commiseration for his sufferings, and Mary will embalm his fleeting soul in peace.——The morning breaks, and the first tinge of day, lights me to wretchedness. Now then to horse poor love-sick and despised Chatelar; that none may be the witness of thy sad farewell to all in life that could ensure thee peace and happiness.

FRAGMENT XII.

THY shores, dear land, now fade in mist before my sight; and the foam-tipped surge, as if to give my bosom still more pain, seems eager to transport me from my lost Mary. How different is now the scene from that which bore me from the Gallic coast: my queen was then within the barque: I breathed the self same air, but now each minute wafts me from her to a distant shore; yes, leads me to the grave, that fatal region of mystery and doubt where all is here conjectural. Now Gordon launches on the wide sea of bliss; love is the pilot of his soul, and the bright beam of gaudy pleasure illumines his tract, as the soft zephyrs of love fill his warm fancy, which lead him to the shores of matchless beauty: no rocks impede his course, no hidden quick-sands are there to undermine him, for now he lives with bliss, freed from the piercing eye of searching jealousy.

I can no longer remain in sadness, and watch the spot where long has faded every trace of Scotia's shore; nought now appears but watery expanse, and the declining sun which seems to set in angry majesty upon the bosom of the western deep. The sullen winds begin to roar; the surge more furious groans; and from the north comes rolling on the o'er-fraught clouds, to give their watery burthens to the briny deep.—More busily the mariners now set the sails, the signal of approaching danger. How lowering is now my mind; the anger of the elements cannot appal me; the crash of worlds would not affright me; I court annihilation, and in any shape I shall greet it with gloomy pleasure.——Hark! how the distant peals reverberate through the vaulted canopy above; blaze on ye forked fires; death's pale ministers, I welcome your sulphurous light; rock on ye angry billows, and rear your burthens to the clouds; then into yawning horrors dash me; I can still observe you with steadiness, nor feel one trembling of the heart, nor witness in my pulse accelerated motion. For why? because the tempest rages more within my breast; and what is painful to the soul of sweet tranquillity becomes a sweetness to the mind of anguish. What is this elemental conflict, when compared with mine; thy thunder, Jove, is dulcet music to the unstrung chords that crash upon my soul;

thy lightnings are but faint emanations of the dread fires of jealousy that wither up my heart-strings, and appal the sweet soother sleep, who flies affrighted from me; thy troubled bosom thou expanded ocean, is peaceful to the conflict that rages in the breast of Chatelar: my heart, like this poor rocking barque, has been and still remains the rude sport of passion's warring sea: it has been reared to the summit of expectancy: it has been dazzled with the resplendent rays of pleasure, and then precipitated into the fathomless gulph of blackest horror, of endless despair. To these, what are the threatenings of the angry winds and waves? I could be rocked by them in sweet oblivion, when compared with that I feel within me.——Hark! what a yell was that which echoed to the roaring winds! again it sounds upon mine ear. Yes, it is the signal of despair, for each enhorrored sailor cries out for mercy and salvation.——Ah! what is it whispers to my mind, 'receive this lesson, Chatelar, from him who made thee!' It is reason throws reflection into my boiling brain, and tells me that I am selfish, since I alone now call on death as my true friend, and would embrace it by sacrificing to its hungry power those who regard it as their greatest enemy. Thanks! salutary reflection, thou shalt have weight with Chatelar, who asks no partner in his griefs. Come then, dear beads, by Mary's

fingers oft times pressed, and do your wonted office: Yes, for others I will, in contrite prayer, ask peace and safety; though for myself, all supplication were but vain. * * * * * * * * * Rescued by Providence divine, I ought to bend the knee in token of my gratitude to heaven; but this sicken'd soul yearns out for death, and cannot prey. Like unto the vessel, from whose shattered hulk her inmates have been so late preserved by more than miracle, even so is Chatelar the wrecked bark of hopeless love, for the rude sea of fate to buffet to and fro——Hold! let me now picture regions of delight I ne'er must hope to taste on this side of the grave.——'Tis the hour when Mary's heavenly beauties, stretch'd upon the couch, court the sweet invigorating balm of sleep: methinks I now behold her form, unshackled by the robes of day, and clad in loose attire, reclined more graceful than the queen of love; now mark her heaving bosom, which gives gentle motion to the lily covering that enshrouds it; upon the left-arm rests her rosy cheek, while her right-hand concealed would even hide still more the source of female coyness, and bid defiance to the *Shower** of Jove. Perhaps her eyes un-

* The Editor conceives, that Chatelar must have had reference to Ovid's fable of the beautiful *Danes*, the daugh-

closed, dispense their azure beams with languishingly melting softness; perhaps her fragrant breath issues in broken sighs, and her palpitating heart speaks a soft language she scarcely dares to comprehend. Perhaps, accursed Gordon flits before her fancy, and as she pictures all his charms, her restless form assumes a new, yet more enchanting position. Heavens! that I might fill that outstretched arm; that I might sigh my soul in rapture and expire; that I might feast my eyes and drink whole seas of love; that I might rove o'er matchless symmetry and limbs of fire. * * * * * * * * *

Where am I? where hath my fancy led my lovesick mind? why did I not expire in fiction, since reality can never be attained? Oh! cruel, cruel world, 'tis thou hast placed the barrier 'twixt me and the rapturous bliss I pant for. Had not fell custom robed my love in majesty, Chatelar might then have cherished hope: yes, custom shackles nature with her brazen chains, and rea-

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ter of *Acrisus*, King of Argos; who was confined by her father in a castle of brass, because the oracle had prognosticated that he should fall a sacrifice to her son. Jupiter, who was enamoured of the charms of *Danea*, visited her, according to the fable, in the form of a shower of gold; in consequence of which she conceived *Perseus*, who afterwards slew his grandfather, according to the prognostic of the oracle.

son throws her chilling mantle o'er the exuberance of fervid passion. Would custom and calm reason were expelled my breast, and love with nature suffered to be inmates of my soul for ever. So Chatelar would be supremely blessed with rapture and with Mary.

SONNET.

Ah! say my soul, is nature law,
Or is the mind but passion's tool?
Yes: all affection's but a flaw,
For heav'nly *love* is *custom's* rule:

So saith cold reason: but my raging heart
Cries nay, and fain would act a nobler part.

I wou'd be her's, whom custom's rule
Hath plac'd on eminence so high,
That soaring I should seem the fool,
And yet not soaring I must die.

Doth custom then, or nature play unfair,
To plant the *will* when not the *pow'r* is there?

Passion and reason always disagree;
So I am left with love and misery.

FRAGMENT XIII.

THE dulcet strain of the lute is heard no more; the song of love no longer floats upon the breeze; every thing has given way to war, and martial clangor now bursts upon the still bosom of air.

I have joined the standard of the Prince of Condé and the good Admiral Coligni, against the monarch Charles and the Duke de Guise.* I

* At this period there were two factions in France: King Charles the 9th, with his mother, Catherine de Medicis, and the Duke of Guise, supported the catholic faith, while the Prince de Condé, the King of Navarre, (afterwards Henry the Fourth of France) and the virtuous Admiral Coligni, with numerous other noblemen, took part with the Hugonots, wishing to establish freedom of worship for the reformed religion, of which they were votaries, in opposition to the court. The Prince of Condé, conceiving that *Orleans* would be the most desirable post for his party to take possession of, as the neighbouring provinces were, for the most part, attached to the new sect, he in consequence dispatched *D'Andelot*, one of his most

have no clamours of the soul, for my reason gives me an assurance that my cause is grounded on the immutable basis of truth. I am an Hugonot; I cannot war against the certainty which my mind unceasingly presents; for I am convinced the purest faith must be the faith of the Redeemer of the world.

Yes: I shall die for Mary in the cause of persecuted virtue, and that belief which has torn from Rome its mockery and superstition, to give religion all its pristine glory.——To-morrow sees

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experienced captains, to get possession of that city, which he accomplished, at the head of only three hundred veteran soldiers, of whom Chatelar, as will appear according to his statement, formed one. After various successes, the leaders of the Hugonots were at length lulled into a false security, by the artifices of the politic Catherine de Medicis, and her equally deceitful and cruel son, Charles the Ninth, who, together with the Duke of Guise, planned the horrible bloodshed at Paris, better known by the name of the Bartholomew Massacre, or the Parisian Matins; when, after three successive days and nights of slaughter, it is computed that six thousand Hugonots perished, among whom were five hundred of the nobility, the first victim being the brave and virtuous Admiral Coligni, whose magnanimous death was the fruit of a life spent in the practice of virtue, truth, and honour. The Prince of Condé was only saved on a promise of renouncing his religion, and on account of his affinity to the blood royal; and the King of Navarre was spared, owing to his marriage with Margaret, the sister of the blood-thirsty king of France.

me brave the perils of the field; I will be foremost in the glorious fray, and emulate the veterans that surround me.---My captain, the brave *D'Andelot*, admitted me among his chosen band, to share the honour of the arduous day: before the walls of Orleans I will act as befits the lover of a queen; I will be present where danger threatens most; grim death shall bestride my sword, and I will force my way to glory and an honourable grave---yes; I will end my woes, and terminate at once the hopeless struggles of my love.

The breeze is hush'd, and not a murmur now disturbs our little camp, o'ershadowed by the lofty battlements of the devoted Orleans, whose cloud-aspiring turrets now are silver'd o'er with the faint radiance of the pallid orb of night.

Mary now sleeps; the queen of love is sooth'd by heavenly slumbers, while wretched Chatelar, doom'd to be the victim of her charms, with wakeful eyes numbers out the sluggard minutes that keep him from eternal sleep;---but Chatelar is not alone; D'Anville, my friend, experiences likewise the pangs of watchful misery.——Ah! may the Marechal ne'er know the fate of him, who venerated all his virtues, was grateful for his goodness, and knew how to commiserate his forlorn and heart-consuming passion.—Farewel, dearest of friends; best of benefactors, farewel:

perhaps thy Chatelar may once more view thee when the rude fever of this life is o'er.——But, ah! my soul, wilt thou be gifted in a world to come with mundane recollection; wilt thou be susceptible of love and friendship in this state? ——Still are my senses hood-wink'd, and to every question which would dive beyond existence here—all is a cheerless blank, and hope alone is left me.

How dimly burns the lamp; it scarce illumines the narrow confines of my tent; it is the type of life within me, which must to-morrow be extinguished; and the gloom surrounding, is the uncertainly of an hereafter.——Why flag my senses, why do my spirits droop? love shall reanimate my soul, and thus will I address him:—

TO LOVE.

Love holds dominion o'er my breast,
And all my senses doth enslave;
He is the foe of tranquil rest,
Nor quits us till we're in the grave,

He is a foe,
He is a fire;
The source of woe,
Or soft desire.

Ah! wou'd my goddess smile, I then might show,
That bliss was love, not love of bliss the foe.

But since in love no joys I find,
My direst foe in him I serve;
And though a tyrant, still my mind
The rankling arrow must preserve.

I am the slave,
My goaler he—
Nought but the grave
Gives liberty.

Come love's physician, come all-conqu'ring death,
Strike here, and let me yield with love my breath.

FRAGMENT XV.

CAN it be, that Chatelar should thus resume his theme of misery? Have I in verity escaped the perils that environed me; the death I sought so strenuously on every side?—Why am I thus the sport of man's dread foe; the dire exterminator of existence? Why did not one of those unerring shafts, which at that moment struck so many of my fellow men, wing its exterminating course to Chatelar?——This morn I stood like a projecting rock amid a sea of desolation; on every side the dying and the dead assailed my view; and at my side fell many a noble comrade, never to rise again; I was alone unheeded by the hungry monarch of the grave; Chatelar was alone invulnerable. I mounted the deadly breach, but still no friendly arm wafted the messenger of peace to my longing soul: o'erpowered by numbers, *D'Andelot*, my captain, upon his knee valiantly defended his precious life; I came, I rescued the brave

commander of our little troop, and victory soon crowned us with its verdant wreath.---We entered masters of this city--yes; triumphantly we passed the gates of Orleans, and exultation marked each countenance, save that of the dejected Chatelar.——* Soon came the noble Condé with his valiant troops, but Mars to us had given all the glory of the bloody fray; the Prince arrived too late to share the blooming laurels that entwined our brows; he came but to receive submission from his foes, already vanquished by our swords. Unmindful of the victory, regardless of the part I had sustained, and only dwelling on the thoughts of death and Mary, I had sought out the tranquil silence of this melancholy chamber, when suddenly a summons from my prince demanded my attendance.--I obeyed, and to the noble Condé was led unwillingly by *D'Andelot*, who, mindful of that life I had preserved, spoke with such sounding words of my poor merits in the horrid fray, as drew down commendations from my prince, who, as a token of his gratitude,

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* The history of *Charles the Ninth*, in speaking of the reduction of *Orleans* by the Hugonots, substantiates what is above stated, as it was the intention of the *Prince of Condé* to be present at the siege, but did not, however, arrive till its surrender to *D'Andelot*, with his small but chosen troop.

presented me with this insignia of honour, which he bade me ever wear, and entitle him my friend.

But what are princes' friendships; what is honour, glory, and renown, compared with thee, my queen? How many youths would covet the bright field of fame, which now presents itself to Chatelar, who views it unregarded.——Strange contrariety of fate: how versatile is fortune to the children of mortality!

Love found sanctuary in the breast of Chatelar, but love was not requited.—I call on death; I court annihilation, and bare my bosom to a host of darts; they turn aside, and pass me unregarded.—I seek seclusion; I wish to pine away with melancholy and despair; and then comes honour and renown to marshal me where I shall meet the public gaze, and sicken with its plaudits.——Is there no peace on this side of eternity? must we for ever court an illusion which evades us? must the heart-broken pilgrim of this world, when ebbing life fleets o'er his fever'd lips, receive the token of the comfort he had sought for? ---'Tis even so: we are as criminals condemned to perish, who, when the executioner has done his work, receive a sluggard pardon and reprieve that mocks them in the grave.——But is there with Chatelar a ray of comfort? even in death, can he expect the look of tenderness from her he loves? No; he must perish, far from the hea-

venly casket which enshrines the queen of bliss; he must sink without a sigh in pity for his fate.——Still art thou here, my comforter; still may thy glittering point search out my heart, and give the death I pant for---yes!---Ah, no! religion now entangles me; I have espoused that cause which seals with everlasting curse the crime of suicide. I have drawn upon myself the eyes of all the stanch adherents of our faith---what shame would then for ever blast my memory; I should be disgraced where I now seek one gleam of comfort; I should barter the applause of virtuous men, and sink into the grave the wretch of infamy.---Mary, too---yes, my queen would hear my shame, and think the hour accursed that had presented to her sight a fiend so black as Chatelar.

What is to be resolved upon?---Must I then exist, and drag on to age a life of wretchedness? Is there no hope of peace? and will the ghastly terror still keep his icy signet from my burning heart?——Impossible! this frame must wear away; internal pangs like Chatelar's must bring him to the pallet of wasting sickness---yes: I will feed my love; I will drink draughts of passion; I will give the rein to mad'ning jealousy; I will goad my senses, and fan the fires of passion till the parch'd-up strings of my heart burst asunder; till this anguished flutterer be pulverised!

Come *Lorris*,* thy *Roman de la Rose* shall feed my love——Yet, no; I will first lament the

* William de Lorris, the French poet, flourished as early as the period of Saint Lewis of France, and of our Henry the Third. It is justly said of *Chaucer*, that he was the father of English poetry, and so may *Lorris* be denominated the patron of French versification. *Lorris* derived his name, as was customary in those days, from the town of Lorris, situated about eight leagues from the city of *Orleans*. His poem, entitled *Roman de la Rose*, was to have consisted of 22,734 verses, but the author only composed 4149, which defalcation originated, we may conjecture, in his early death, historians having recorded nothing respecting this astonishing genius upon which we are enabled to ground any material fact. His work is an allegorical tale, by which the poet wishes to show how many pains and pleasures attend the pursuit of pure and virtuous love. The poem was completed some years after by one *John de Meun*, who wrote several other works. With respect to the talents of *Lorris*, considering the age in which he lived, too much panegyric cannot be bestowed upon his labours. He was brilliant in his ideas, and delineated the passions with a masterly hand; his allegory was just, and his imagery correct; but we have not only to regard him in the light of a *romance writer*, as his production abounds with chaste representations of familiar life, by which he becomes the delineator of the manners of his own period, and the unfolder of the philosophy of the mind. The editor conceives it almost needless to inform the reader, that this production of *William de Lorris* was afterwards given in an English dress by Geoffrey Chaucer, who has preserved the same title in his translation.

cold ingratitude of death; I will speak my pain in sadden'd numbers, and then to thy love-feeding page, dear book!---Yes, *Lorris* shall be to Chatelar the source of rest till the return of beamy day.

TO THE DART OF DEATH.

How oft hath Mars his blood-stain'd weapon rear'd
While calmly smiling I have said—
O! strike, and number with the dead,
This breaking heart, by love's hot arrow sear'd.

In vain I proffer'd thus my bleeding soul;
My bosom's flame too ardent burn'd,
From ice to fire the steel was turn'd,
And hungry death had lost his dire control.

If thus the shaft neglectful turns away,
How can my fetter'd soul expire?
Save in the blase of that bright fire,
Which beams, O goddess! from thy heav'nly eye

Since then thy dart, grim death, I soar above,
My eyes her eyes shall meet, then die with love.

FRAGMENT XV.

My days have been one round of dull monotony, and week has ushered in succeeding week without a pleasing change.---Love has been my midnight study, and the returning light has led me to the councils of my noble chiefs; honour still succeeds to honour, and Chatelar is loved by all---Mary alone suffers me to droop with withering despondency. How lasting is the impression made upon the soul; nor change of scene, nor absence from the well-beloved, can mitigate our pain; we sigh amid the shouts of mirth, and in retirement conjure up those graces to our imaginations, (from which we are debarred) only to render absence more distressing. How gloomy is that contemplation, which pictures the impossibility of attaining what can alone rivet the mind to existence; what a cheerless scene does it present; what desires it gives birth to; and what ingratitude does it not lead us to be guilty of, to-

wards that Great Power who claims all reverence and praise from the creatures of his beneficence. ——How my mind struggles to be free; how my restless reason combats with my love; I would, but cannot contradict the glaring truths which it impresses on my soul; and yet, though I am thus urged to a conviction, I cannot act upon the principles which subdue me. I could learn stoicism, and be the calm philosopher in every passion, save only love; but he is my divinity, and, like a defenceless babe within the giant's grasp, all struggles to evade him are but vain. I have looked into thy consolations, sage *Boetius**——Ah! would that I might profit by thy

* Boetius was a great lover of the sciences, and a most profound scholar; he was once raised to the dignity of consul and principal minister of state; he followed the doctrines of *Aristotle*, and laboured in the cause of philosophy and of truth. Having been raised to power by *Theodoric*, King of the Goths, that monarch suspected him of holding a private correspondence with the emperor *Justin*; in consequence of which, *Boetius*, and his father-in-law, *Symmachus*, were cast into prison, when *Boetius* composed his well-known treatise, *On the Consolation of Philosophy*.—*Boetius* was beheaded after an imprisonment of six months, anno. 524. With regard to the merits of this work, mentioned by Chatelar, none could be better calculated to rectify that exuberance of passion which hurried him on to ruin. The *Consolatio Philosophiæ* consists of alternate effusions, as well in verse as in prose; and the real intention of

studies; but all in vain do I solicit such a blessing; love laughs to scorn thy frigid precepts, and gives me in thy stead the confessions of a *Gower*,* the sonnets of *Arezzo*,† or the effusions of a *Cavalcanti*.‡

Boetius was to reconcile the doctrines of christianity with the refinement of the classics, and the philosophy of the Grecians. The poetry of this production is much applauded, and the work was formerly in the highest repute. Among numerous translations of *Boetius* into various languages, the first in English was from the pen of *Chaucer*, who gave it throughout in prose; but it is most probable that Chatelar perused it in its pure original Latin.

* *Gower*, the contemporary and friend of Chaucer, was a poet of considerable merit, and his ballads in French prove him to have been infinitely susceptible of the delicate effusions of the muse. His greatest work was his *De Confessio Amantis*, supposed to have been written by order of Richard the Second, consisting of thirty thousand verses; it is full of stories, and is supposed to have given Chaucer the idea of his Canterbury Tales. Although Gower has been much neglected, the greatest praise is due to his memory; and he may indeed be said, to have shared with *Chaucer* in the meritorious work of reforming the literature of this country.

† *Guitone D'Arezzo* was a very old Italian poet, and the first who reduced that species of composition, called sonnet, into the form which it has ever since assumed in Italy, and other parts of Europe.

‡ *Guido Cavalcanti* was also a very early Italian versifier, who gave proofs in his compositions of much taste and refinement. He died in 1300.

How vainly thus does study come to aid the precepts of my reason; whene'er I have recourse to books, my mind takes flight, save when the theme is love, and then my senses are ensteeped in pleasing poison.——O sleep! that rock'st all other creatures in thy renovating arms, thou hast no fascination for Chatelar. But yesternight, when thy oppressive pinions fanned my brain, even thou wouldst not allow me comfort, nor fright dread visions from my fancy.

Methought the soul-attracting Mary stood before me, lovely as perfection, and 'ray'd in cherub sweetness; I strove to approach the heavenly phantom, but all in vain; an insurmountable attraction seemed to rivet me to earth: methought I raved with madness, and burst at length the bond which had enchained me, when at that instant *Gordon* stood before me; his brows seemed clad with blooming roses, and all his look and gesture spoke him happy---yes; blessed with the smiles of Mary!——It was beyond endurance; the brand of jealousy illumined my breast, and tore asunder thy fetters, hateful sleep!---I woke to taste new horrors, and curse the world, and all but her who reigns the mistress of my heart for ever!

'Twas but this morn the noble Condé questioned me, and strove to learn the source of my dejection.——Oh! how he chid me with his words;

they seemed so many soft reproofs for want of confidence.---I acknowledged his bounty; I told him of the lack of ability which was in me, to compensate for the honours showered upon my head: he would not heed my protestations, but proffered still more bounty, and trusted then he should be worthy the esteem of *Chatelar*.——What conflicts wrung my soul, which seemed to feel the taint of base ingratitude; I would have barter'd worlds to breathe the truth, yet dared not make confession of my love.———I cannot live in this uncertainty; I wander like a melancholy fiend, and seem unthankful where most I would be grateful:---here too religion stays my hand from the infliction of that blow which I have vainly sought within the jaws of death.——Where must I fly? where hide my miserable form? a trackless desart would be paradise to all I suffer here.—Oh! that I were wafted to some steril shore, where never human foot had made its pressure; there would I tell my anguish to the heedless waves, and give my sighs to the neglectful air---no soul could tax me with ingratitude. ---Yes, there would I atone to Condé and my chiefs for my apparent want of gratitude, by yet enduring life a little, and then relieve my woes in everlasting sleep. * * *

* * * A lapse of time has given reflection scope; I can by penitence regain the

pardon of offended Majesty; I can once more gaze upon the lovely queen, and then retire to end the tragedy of my fatal love.---Yet being there, could I, when basking in the lustre of her charms, and greeted perhaps with her reanimating smile---Ah! could I then tear myself away? ---Compared with love so hot as mine, what is the boasted resolution of the soul?---Hope then would cherish life, and life is misery.——I am perplex'd in thought, and stand like a benighted traveller, doubtful of the track I should pursue. ——I can no more; fate still must marshal me the way, where passions such as mine will lead, and I have therefore yet one blessing left to comfort me.---Yes, I am so doubly curs'd, that I can laugh to scorn all other ills of life.——Thy cup of misery is full, poor Chatelar; but add one drop it must o'erflow, and life ebbs with it.

FRAGMENT XVI.

I AM bewildered, and every occurrence of this life seems but illusion to my senses.---Can it be? are men the sport of heaven?---Can the Omnipotent delight in torturing the creatures of his care?---It is incompatible with his boundless mercy.---Yet, what are we to conjecture; what inference can be drawn from such a wilderness of woes as chequer the existence of Chatelar?——Three nights are passed, and I have still concealed the truth; I have forborne, my queen, to tell thee that Chatelar is beloved.---The poor deserts of him who dies thy slave, have won the heart of *Angeline*---yes! of the noble heiress, *De Beaumont*.---Ah! that I could return the flame, and give to her one ray of that passion which only lives for thee, my Mary.——But, no! Angeline, like Chatelar, must bear the load of anguish; for never will my heart be touch'd with any thrill for her, save only melting pity.——How noble is

the race of Beaumont; what honours would accrue to Chatelar from such an alliance; Angeline too is lovely in all eyes, but those of the adorer of the heavenly Mary! 'Twas D'Andelot confided to me the whole mystery of this luckless passion, that preys upon the maiden's heart, and she before bestowed on me a token of her love.——Cruel fate! wretched Angeline! unfortunate Chatelar! wherefore wast thou preserved to inflict the wound thou feel'st, and lacerate the bosom of another? * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

With D'Andelot and the dejected Angeline I had stray'd, far from the walls of Orleans, collecting choicest flowers; the songsters of the morn attuned their joyous lays---all nature wore the aspect of serene tranquillity: methought that in MY breast alone was treasured up the shaft of love and misery. Beneath an amply spreading tree we gained at length a cool retreat, by nature formed beneath a bank enamelled o'er with brightest verdure; before the opening of the cavity luxuriant roses of the milky hue waved to the passing breeze---D'Andelot entered, whilst with Angeline I gazed in silence on the surrounding scene.---Upon a distant hill a shepherd youth attended to his fleecy tribe, whilst ever and anon he tun'd his reed to some old Norman tale of love.——

"Chatelar," said Angeline, in a soften'd tone of voice, "doth yonder lay, that breathes from "shepherd's pipe, convey such tender sweetness "to thine ear as thrills my soul?"

I gazed upon the maid; a languor beam'd upon her modest cheek, which struck my very heart.—I was for a moment mute, when, pointing to the swain, I thus replied:—

"Yes, Angeline; my feelings are in unison "with thine."—A sigh escaped me as I spoke—it was the incense of my soul offered at Mary's shrine——But, ah! the maid knew not the thrillings of my breast; she greeted these soft tokens as proofs of love requited; and, snatching a verdant bough with roses chequered, she gave it to my care, and blushing deep replied:—

"Oh! wear this token then—for me!"

Like the timid roe, she swift vanished from my sight, and in the robe of D'Andelot concealed her maiden blushes, and the tear of fervent love.

* * * * * * * *

I must fly from Orleans; my presence here can only tend to inflame the poison which rankles in the heart of the dejected maid.—I must quit this scene of honour; I must no more present myself before the aged sire of Angeline, the venerable Count de Beaumont.——Why did I appear so gracious in his eyes? Why was I singled out to be the friend of the Prince Condé? Had I not

enchained his kind regard, I should not thus have mingled with the noble crowd, and Angeline had ne'er beheld me.——How my heart bleeds for her whom I can never love: how my soul pants for her whom I can never possess.—Mary despises Chatelar, who dies for her, and Chatelar can only pity Angeline, who feels for him the fires of warm affection.——Why was I ever called upon to touch the lute in presence of the maid? why did the generous Condé speak in my commendation? I little thought my love-sick tales, which were wafted to the idol of my soul, would find sanctuary in the bosom of another.—Ah! little did I imagine the praises of my prince would win the heart of Angeline.———I will begone; it must be so: I cannot live to witness another's pangs, and feed a hopeless passion by my presence.—Yes, sweet maid, you must like Chatelar for ever bid adieu to him you love!———It is resolved: the coming day makes noble Condé the depository of my tale of anguish, and of my determined flight from Gallia, and from Angeline—*for ever!*

FRAGMENT XVII.

THE die is cast: the Prince has this day heard my tale of anguish; he pities me, and with counsels the most strenuous would urge me to forget my love, and bless the tender Angeline.---But what is reason, and the sage advice of friendship, to the soul that burns with passion?---I ne'er can be the lovely Angeline's; nor would I so disgrace her bosom's fire, as to offer up a heart which never can requite the flame that now devours her own.---We must be wretched, and numbered with the sacrifices of purest affection. ---It is decreed in heaven, and mortals must learn to submit. I have bad adieu to the Prince Condé, and the brave D'Andelot; and ere the matin bird has told to the still breeze the hour of returning light, I must to horse, and on the wings of expedition hie me hence unto the sea-girt shore, and once again commit myself unto the briny deep.——Fate now drives me to the

land of love; my reason cannot resist the impulse which impels my soul to seek forgiveness of the enchanting Mary, and once more fix my eyes upon her heavenly charms!——Poor Angeline, how the keen pang of sorrow now afflicts my heart;---yes, I can feel for all thy woes, though I myself am languishing the object of despair. I know the bitterness of persecuted love, the pangs of absence, and the fell curse of hopeless meditation.

Condé hath promised to administer the comfort of a friend; to tell in part the secret of my prior affection, and sooth if possible the maiden's soul, so that she yield not to such anguish as rends the heart of Chatelar.———The hidden destinies have surely poured on me their sum of malice, and not a pang remains to harrow up my bosom.---I suffer, and am the source of suffering;---yes, I live in torments, and am myself the inflicter of the very agonies I feel.——Can this be just, dread Monarch of the heavenly choir? What sin hath Chatelar committed, that thus thy bitter wrath should wither up his soul? What crime hath tainted gentle Angeline, that she should share alike the struggle of conflicting passions?---Oh! almighty love, if thou art the bestower of all sweets, thou art equally the source of bitterness accursed, and I stand forth the wretched monument of thy consuming wrath!

——Still art thou present to my fancy, Angeline; I will commiserate thy woes, and as my pen retraces all thy sorrows, mingle with the ebon stream the tear of sympathy, the parting drop of him who can do all but give thee love for love.

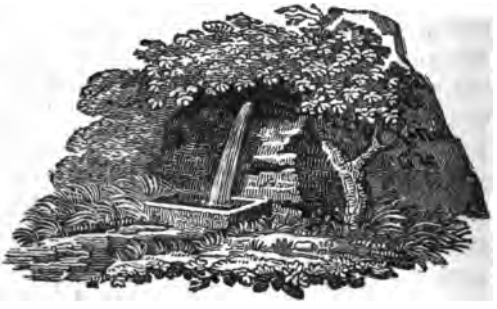
TO THE FADING ROSE OF LOVE.

Poor love-lorn maid, thy bleeding heart
Doth all my withering pangs impart,
As hopeless as thyself I pine;
I weep the queen of bliss, whilst thou
Send'st forth to love the fervent vow
For him who never can be thine.

Thy tears with tears will I requite,
With thee I'll sigh the tedious night,
And praise my love with falt'ring breath;
With thee I'll hope, with thee despair,
With thee the wrath of heav'n I'll dare,
By cursing life and courting death.

And yet, though hopeless be thy love,
One pang like mine thou canst not prove—
I'm more accursed far than thee;
For him thou lov'st will weep thy doom,
But love's bright empress on the tomb
Will never shed one tear for me.

The gem of pity is thy lot,
Whilst I must wither quite forgot
By her who reigns my bosom's queen;
Blighted by hope, and left forlorn,
My heart is doom'd to wear the thorn,
And mourn love's rose—poor Angeline.



FRAGMENT XVIII.

GALLIA is no more: these eyes have ta'en a long farewel, for all has faded on the sight; no trace of land is left upon the bosom of the deep, which wafts me now to Scotia's shores.——What a poor wandering wretch am I: driven by fate, I strive for peace in every change, and yet no change brings comfort to my heart. My heaving bosom tells me I shall see my queen again; the thought transports me, when suddenly the woe-worn form of Angeline, in supplicating accents, seems to court commiseration.——Heavens! how my poor soul is on the rack, and sickening prays for any change that may alleviate its sufferings.——Talk not of torments in a world to come---my bitterness is on this side of the grave, for I can steep all other anguish in forgetfulness.---Wou'd that the rocking of this bark might sooth me, and o'er my starting eye-

balls throw the veil of gentle sleep——Come, thou balm of life---come, soul-invigorating god, and o'er my senses wave thy leaden pinions; with poppy wreath entwine my brows, and let me own thy spell, thou semblance of annihilating death.---I will not fright thee from my pillow, gentle god, but sooth thee into fond compliance. ---Why shouldst thou fly the wretched slave of love? If it were guilty thus to love, thou then might'st start away, and leave me to the sting of goading conscience. But love is not allied to horrors, 'tis tenderness and heaven-bred sympathy; then wherefore should not sleep and love agree? Then bound with rosy fetters seek my couch, and in their dear embrace entrance my soul, and give it up to transient happiness! * * * * * * * * * * * * The massy signet weighs upon mine eye-lids---my prayer is heard, and Chatelar now seeks his pallet, and yields his care-worn frame into the arms of peace. * Sleep hath been kind; for five revolving hours I've drank of comfort's balmy cup, and all has been annihilation! I feel the renovating draught, new vigour nerves my soul, and I can combat still with dark despair. Now steals the dawn upon night's sable garb, and

fainter shows the moon her silver'd hue upon the undulating bosom of the briny deep.——— I will unto the deck, and as the morning dawns catch the first tint of distant land that breaks upon the misty horizon.---Yes, I will hail dear Scotland's shore, and think of thee, my queen!

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* * * * How beauteous now appear the ruddy streaks of day; how cool the passing breeze; and, oh! how welcome is the land of love, that breaks in azure majesty upon my eager sight.---Methinks I now behold the goddess of yon shore rising resplendent as the beam of day, and banishing with heavenly smiles each sublunary ill that might attend her prostrate subjects.---Dear land, I welcome thee again; blessed queen, once more I come to pay thee homage, and expire!---Yes, Mary's my theme, and thus I trace my love and misery:—

M-ark these poor lines, an angel's here display'd,
A-s lustrous as the star of cloudless eve;
R-ich in each beauty, and by virtue 'ray'd
I-n truth: and still form'd only to deceive,
E-nticing my true heart to make it grieve.

Absorbed in thought, with eyes still bent upon the shore, have I some tedious hours thus spent in watchful expectation. Now cheerfully the mariners prepare to make the port, and then I

tread the land of happiness; the wind seems eagerly to back my cause, and fills the spreading sails, while the sharp stern cuts through the briny waves, and, as the vessel rides upon the deep, scatters around a myriad of gems which glitter in the blazing beams of day.—Thus it is with Chatelar: love is the port I seek; hope is the sea whereon my heart is launched; fancy still wafts me on, and scatters round me visions of delight as transitory as these glist'ning bubbles, which burst as soon as formed upon my pensive sight.

FRAGMENT XIX.

I HAVE seen my lovely queen, and on my knees implored her gracious pardon.—— Merciful heaven! with what sweetness did she accord forgiveness, and once more bless me with her favour. —Yes, I have passed whole days in gazing on her; I have been so overpowered with bliss, that all has been forgotten but my queen, and I now catch a solitary moment to give my passion vent.

Oh, matchless love! dread power! whose influence I adore, and yet contemplate but with fear, extend thy fostering influence to him who is most fervent of thy slaves;—pour down on my devoted head one pitying ray, that so the prospect of an existence rendered dark and cheerless, may be illumined with thy renovating smile.—Yes, let thy invigorating beam infuse into my jarring soul the balm of heavenly comfort; give me yet more of love, and let me die for nought but Mary.

Gordon still loves, and Arran lives in hope; each claims alike the beauteous goddess, impelled by that same power which holds o'er my poor soul despotic sway. Yet still lives Mary mistress of her fate, unbound by every tie but *will*; and till that *will* enchains her to another, Chatelar may cherish hope.——What is impossible to fate, and what may not love accomplish? Monarchs have bent before his shrine—queens by his power have been enslaved; for love knows no title but pre-eminence of affection and of truth, and who is more enobled than his votary—his Chatelar?——Why should I war against my only bliss on this side of futurity?——Heaven formed me as I am, the creature of affection, and I but bow to its decree in living but for love.—Upon the tablet of my heart is graven Mary, and death can alone efface it.

L-ove, though divided, marks my ev'ry line,
O-n that I live, more constant than the dove;
V-ows unto him I pay, whose pow'r divine
E-nds as it first began—nought else but love.

I am no sensualist; I have not brutalized my mind, nor contaminated the pure ray of my divinity.—I love with truth, with ardour, and with tenderest affection, from whence have arisen all those extacies that constitute the heaven of lov-

ing.—'Tis true I am a tyrant in the passion which consumes me, but none can truly love who would receive it when divided.—I am in jealousy more furious and determined than the dread tygress of her whelps bereft, who hunts the vile despoiler: and who can feel such love as mine, and yet not taste of jealousy?——I love not from ambition, I doat not from lust, nor is it vanity would prompt my actions to enchain the warm affections of a queen;—ambition, I despise thee; lust, I contemn thee; vanity, thou art air.—The first cannot dazzle, the second sharpens not the senses, neither lives the third within me. Others may think they love, but Chatelar avows it, since every ill combined would not diminish in his soul the fervency that's kindled there.——May'st thou, dear Mary, one day know my pangs, but may'st thou never feel them for created man, unless for Chatelar.——Something whispers *Presumption!*—I do deny the charge; for every creature boldly dares to ask what fate omnipotent denies him.—Poverty claims wealth—ambition craves for honour—kings would have boundless sway—despots would be gods—and Chatelar asks love. Where is my crime in claiming a return for that already given? or if it never can be mine, why should I dash at once to earth the air-drawn vision of felicity? If it were criminal to love, then love had ne'er been coupled with

existence; and if in Chatelar it be a crime, his eyes had never met the form of Mary. Fate is inscrutable; and sanctioned by its will I yield, without a sigh, to my reward, be it or love or misery.

FRAGMENT XX.

EACH pleasure hath its pain, nor yet was ever mortal joy complete. I have been lulled by bliss so exquisite, that reason should have told me it was a dream.---I have forgotten every thing in the great vortex of love which hath, till now, o'erwhelmed me.---Yes, weeks have transpired without inflicting on my heart one pang of jealousy. Fool that I was, to think myself so permanently blessed.---Why, fond fallacious hope, didst thou hold prospects to my senses which never were to find realization?——This morning I attended on my queen, as I was wont; methought she smiled upon me with more than usual kindness, but at that instant was the fond illusion banished---the hateful Gordon entered.---Almighty powers! she looked towards him, and at that moment too her azure eyes seemed swimming with more melting lustre, and, ere the quick re-

vulsion of my blood gave fresh re-animation to my pallid cheek, her soft blue eye, seeking concealment under the darkened lash, gave to my rival that enchanting glance which I then sickened to enjoy.——Oh! had that soul-subduing look been bent on Chatelar, or had my heart-strings crack'd at once, and told to Mary the great truth that wrings my inmost soul.——Yes, for even now I am a wretch bereft of hope and comfort;---fly moments---fly swiftly time---that I may yield in death my love. But all in vain I crave thy speed, thou hoary power, that notest down my moments of wretchedness:---alas! too lagging is thy pace for the suffering despondency of uncontrolled despair.

C-AN heav'n's dread frown thy woes excel?
H-as fate reserved a pang more keen?
A-nd is there language that can tell,
T-he wretch more curs'd than here is seen.
E-ach line, in part, makes out despair—
L-ove quite forlorn—dread misery—
A-nd ev'ry attribute of care—
R-age, torments, hell, and jealousy.

My soul now chides me, for Angeline appears to bear me company in misery.---Wretch, that I was, to be so lost in bliss as not to yield one sigh for Angeline.——It is justice: the pang I now endure is thy punition, Righteous Heaven, for

my neglect of pining innocence.---Yes, Mary; for noble Condé has instructed me of all the melancholy and despair that wrings the heart of that devoted maid.---Oh! had I felt for her what thou alone usurp'st, I now had basked in love's most gaudy beam, and she had been requited.---But, no; fate hath not thus ordained; and thou, poor love-sick maid, must sigh forlorn, while in the breast of Chatelar the gnawing fang of jealousy corrodes with poison, slow consuming.

I reverence thy merits, Gordon, as a man, but as a rival I abhor thee; for thou seemest singled out to thwart the purpose of my soul, and win the soft affections of my queen.——What must be done? I cannot play the vile assassin's part, and stab unseen; I cannot mingle with the wholesome draught the potion of inevitable death, nor can I league with midnight murderers, and buy with gold extermination: what if I challenge him to single combat? his rank protects him from my fury; besides, what plea should I alledge, for such an act against the noblest youth that ever yet drew breath of life, against the man that never did me wrong? I can do nought but blaze the secret of my soul, and then meet death, or what is far more terrible, eternal banishment from Mary and these shores, must be my doom for ever.

How dreadful roars the wind; how wildly doth the tempest of this midnight hour drift 'gainst the casements of my chamber; surely this war of elements is but the type of what I feel within: I could be happy on a desart heath, and smile upon the storm, so I were free in mind; but round mine heart the adamantine chain is knit, aud I'm the love-bound creature of neglect and wretchedness!

Why came I hither to be doubly curs'd; to live a season in the bowers of love, and then be driven along the thorny way unto the cave of gloomy jealousy?---a thousand strange chimeras rush upon my brain, and desperation points at acts that make my fearless bosom tremble!——'Tis now the hour of silence, and the coward soul, ashamed to act its villany by day, steals to effect its end: if graves e'er yield to sight the ghastly forms of those they now entomb, 'tis at this period they stalk forth to act the will of fate: if incantations, or the hellish spells of earthly creatures can have weight, 'tis even at this solemn period they enact their deeds of darkness:---this, this is the season, when the prowling enemy of man steals forth to root in the unstable mind the brooding act of horror!---Yes, and 'tis now; the same malign deceiver wills me to act what I would scorn to own. * * * * * Come to my aid bright Reason, and dispel this chaos

that entombs my better sense, and hurries me to madness.

I shudder at my thoughts—yes; from myself I shrink as the dark spell evaporates, that hood-wink'd every noble property within me.——— Can it be?——*Force!*---Could ever Chatelar stoop to *compulsatory* enjoyment?---Oh! horror, horror! accursed recollection sleep! and may the thought be buried in the grave of oblivion!

FRAGMENT XXI.

My soul is mantled with the gloom of desperation: for three successive nights mine eyes have been rivetted to earth, and scarcely can I now resume my tale of woe.——Even in the presence of my queen the lowering demon of despair has hovered round me---yes; not the radiance of her heavenly eyes could chase the horror from me; for Gordon is assiduous, and is blessed, while all the pangs of Chatelar are turned to mockery.---——Thou art requited, Angeline; for every sigh thou numberest out is by this breast repaid with groans of anguish.---Love is no blessing; it bears no kin to the Divinity; it is a fiend, a heart-consuming fire, a flood of groaning grief, the grave of happiness.---Accurs'd tormentor! would that I might blot thee out from thy blood-stained register---my yearning heart; would that I could cancel thee for ever, and know that thou wert wafted to the regions of oblivion: how should I

smile to see thee plunged in Tartarus, or hurried in the whirling regions of chaotic darkness!---
---More would I do than words can picture or my fancy paint, to reek revenge upon thy head, thou rosy child, thou dimpled cozener, who smil'st but to destroy.---Oh! might I give my passion vent---this firm-set earth, these Scottish shores, I'd blow amid the airy regions, and glut upon the horrid wreck! for here I barter'd happiness on this side of the grave. I am more restless grown than when my passions first subdued me; the burning shaft with double fury rages in my veins; I'm mad with love!---Fly from my sight, thou hateful book---I will no more of thee; for thou, Petrarch, art the constant kindler of my fires.---What are these beads to me? I have forgotten how to pray, bewildered as I am in love———Hold, they were Mary's---poor wretched relics, wherefore should I rave against thee?---no; rather let me kiss thee, for thou lend'st a momentary calm, and I will hug thy genial influence.

BALLAD.

My pulse is languid, all my senses die;
My heart o'erflows, I weep, yet know not why—
Ah! sure my heart's the chronicle of love:

My eyes transfix'd forget their wonted rest;
My mind by contrite pray'r seeks to be blest—
But all in vain I turn my gaze above.

Now rapid beats my pulse, my senses fire;
My heart's in flames, and tears yield to desire:
'Tis love who traces with his raging dart
The form, the majesty, and every grace,
That shines, O queen! from thy celestial face,
Upon the tablet of my bleeding heart.

Now fury rages, and my throbbing brain
Would court fell madness to alleviate pain—
Come, Mary, let the drop of feeling flow:
Again 'tis o'er, the raging fever dies,
And nought remains but sadness, tears, and sighs—
I'm left the solitary child of woe.

What is for Chatelar but gloomy cogitation, that conjures up some scene which terminates in mine undoing?---My days are anguish, and my nights despair.---My soul inclines to one fixed point, which only has existence to torment me. ---Something must be achieved to give my bosom rest; this unsubstantial bliss but mocks me ---I pant for more——I shudder as I think.—— The means are dreadful, but my torture is yet more horrible!————Would that I cou'd end the struggle and expire.————A look: there's

nought so guilty in the thought.——Then too shall I be far more blessed than Gordon.——Glorious idea! satiating thought!---Yes, I will enlist beneath the banner of my passion, and dare the worst that can befal me.

FRAGMENT XXII.

Oh! let me note the blessed moments that have just transpired; not all thy indignation, Mary, now appals me;---I must, I will to thee confess the transport of my bosom, that o'erflows with rapture and with love.---Scarcely had the ninth hour toll'd upon the breeze when I, beneath thy bed in close concealment, lay to watch thy coming.——Heavens! what moments of suspense!---what dear delicious minutes, never to be recalled!——You came at length with that chaste maid who nightly gazes on your unrobed charms, nor feels a thrill of extacy. Upon your table stood the blazing tapers, whose light beamed full upon you: forth from the bandeau that enchained your hair I saw your flowing ringlets, of all art divested, hang loosely o'er your falling shoulders, while Maude, obedient to your soft command, passed through your glossy locks the disentangling comb.——What a profusion of en-

chanting tresses wanton'd o'er your heaving bosom, seeming to kiss the thrones of bliss divested of all covering. --- I then beheld the parian marble of your neck, while your attendant, busy still with nimble fingers, soon unloosened every lace that bound your robe, and kept your taper waist in bondage.——I could not view your form distinct, for modesty disdained to make those hidden treasures known, even to your kindred sex.---No, Mary from her attendant's gaze preserves a scene that gods would reverence. ---The lily drapery, that shrouded all the heaven of bliss I pant for, still from my eager sight could not conceal a thousand charms unspeakable.——A torrent of luscious joy rush'd on my senses!---Maude retired.——I could no longer curb my raging transports——I rushed forth; then uttering thy dear name, my queen, sunk o'ercome with—— * * * * * * * * * * I awoke from the delicious trance---I found thee habited, dear goddess of my heart! and I alone, and in thy chamber.---I sunk upon my knees---I bathed thy feet with tears; for thou hadst once more pity on me---yes: thy fame had been for ever slurred hadst thou made known the fact, and therefore silently thou didst await to send me from thy presence.——What rigor was in thine eye; what majesty was in thy port;---I shuddered at the

bold presumption of my love, and yet I could not but applaud the deed, since it had feasted me with heaven!——" Begone," thou didst exclaim, " and learn to keep thy counsel; a " second time I do accord forgiveness, but the " third is death."——Again I knelt, implored, till thou, in fear of interruption and discovery, didst yield compliance to my ardent prayer, that I might still remain the tranquil occupant of this my station.

What art thou, Gordon, now, compared with Chatelar?——I have been every thing but folded in her arms---I have done every thing but yield my soul upon her bosom!——Transporting thought! heavenly Mary! fortunate Chatelar! ——But, shall I rest content? will not the frenzy of my passion urge me farther?——No matter---I've wound up every function of my soul, and nothing sublunary can appal me.——Oh! had I at her feet expired, the scene of struggling love had closed upon the lap of pleasure!-----To-morrow I must meet my queen---how shall I regain the favour my temerity has lost, and win her angel smile?---My heart will teach me---love is the best instructor---to him I have recourse: he is my lord, and I should prove the traitor to my heart did I deny his sacred power. ——It is resolved: I own no other sway but love's---no other hope but Mary.

FRAGMENT XXIII.

WHAT changes in my fate must here be registered; what an accumulated scene of bliss and wretchedness will stain my page.---The morning beamed upon me as the inhabitant of a palace, and three days constant assiduity had partly reconciled my queen to the presumptuous mortal, who had dared offend her. ——Now mark the change: the self-same sun has closed upon me the inmate of a narrow dungeon, from whence I shall be led to meet my fate, and die for the audacity of love.——Who would not suffer death in such a cause? who would not pay with life for such extatic joy as I once more experienced? ---Let me recal those charming moments; they are the last of joy I shall experience in this life, and tyranny cannot debar me from the contemplation. A second time within thy chamber was my form concealed: this very night these arms enfolded thee; again I saw the beauties of thy

glossy hair in wild luxuriance wave around thy polished neck; a languor was in thy dark-blue melting eyes; nectareous dew bespangled o'er thy coral lips, which half unclosed gave to my ravished sight the ivory treasures they in part concealed. With choicest perfumes did thy Maude attend, and having twined thy tresses in delightful folds, the treasures of thy neck and falling shoulders were perceptible: again the lace gave way---again thy bosom, freed from all control, heaved to my devouring eyes, while thy dear fluttering heart kept love's enchanting harmony.---I saw those orbs of milky hue---yes, doubly was I feasted with the sight; for in the friendly mirror, before which thou stood'st reflected, were thy glowing charms; I could discern the streaks of azure on the spotless mountains of thy bosom, whose summits, crowned with vernal buds, seemed planted there for love's warm pressure.---Thy cumberous robes thrown off, thy form was to mine eyes revealed---but, ah! when from thy leg the covering was withdrawn, I saw the symmetry of shape almost as high as warmest fancy could desire; I saw that thigh, as ivory sleek, and formed in Venus's mould; I saw those legs in gradual taper to the ancle fall, more delicate than ever mind conceived, or art to sculpture gave; I saw those little feet, and that enchanting heel, which view'd, with every other

charm concealed, must melt with luxury the casual gazer.——What was to be done? I blazed with passion---a burning flood o'erwhelmed my heart!---Maude had retired.——I darted forth, and in my arms embraced this luscious world of charms!---I felt the heaving of thy breast, my queen! thy throbbing heart kept pace with that within my bosom.---My lips met thine---oh! what a melting kiss!---resistance made the moment more enchanting; thy struggling limbs pressed close to those that did entwine thee; the genial glow of thy firm thigh communicated unto mine; I felt those breasts that seemed inviting pressure; I stifled supplications, and heard nought but the completion of desire: already had thy trembling form half yielded to the vigour of my love---I bore thee in my nerved arms, when, finding me with desperation fir'd, thy shrieks gave the alarm, an armed band appeared, and hither was I hurried from the heaven of heavens, to linger in a dungeon's gloom! Thus ends my life of extacy; a few short hours have cut me short from liberty and life.---I must prepare to meet the solemn judgment of the law; I must resign myself to death; and, oh! more terrible than all the rest, I must be ready for that solemn court whence there is no appeal!---Yes, I must meet my Great Creator! Let me not linger long in horrible suspence, enchanting

queen; summon the judges, and let the executioner complete the work---my life is forfeit to the laws, and I resign it; but never will I in this life resign my love---no; for I have hitherto hugg'd it to my soul, nor shall it 'scape me till the link be severed for ever, that binds me to existence!

FRAGMENT XXIV.

A HEAVY gloom now lords it o'er my heart; this world to me is darkness, and the contemplation of futurity a dream!

What is imprisonment; and what are these cold flinty walls, but the mere emblems of the life I loath?---This dungeon is my earthly frame, confining the warm entranced soul, which looks upon a future state, as these my wearied eyes gaze through yon narrow casement on the boundless realms of gaudy day.——Dreams of delusive Hope, farewel; farewel to love, to Mary, and to happiness!---Why was I cozened thus? why did a mother's struggling pangs give life, which only nurtur'd reason that the possessor might be accursed for ever?---Yes, I am accurs'd; Chatelar is doom'd to endless misery.

As I look back upon life's stormy sea, my resolution stands appall'd, and I more wonder that I am, than that I should be thus.---Were ever man's affections such as mine?---or if they were,

show me that creature, in whom prudence wrought so much as she hath done in me.---Have I not cool'd the boiling temper of my blood? have I not calm'd the raging fury of my brain? have I not reasoned with my yearning heart, and physic'd black despair?---I challenge man, created such as I am, to do as I have done.——Now is the busy tongue of rumour quite unfettered, and tales ride post on slander's wing: now are the ears of greedy calumny op'd wide, to swallow every breath of defamation, and still add falshood upon falshood to blacken and condemn me.——Rumour, I laugh thy tale to scorn.---Slander, thou canst not taint me; nor can accumulated calumny appal my soul, or stigmatize me with the opprobrium of guilt.---Where is mine offence?---I loved, and am despised.---Is it then with thee, thou rancorous world, thus to accuse me? rather should I in bitterness of heart vent curses on thee; for thou didst place 'twixt me and Mary such a distance, as barr'd all hope from me for ever.——I shall ignobly die; the current of my blood, by one fell stroke, will be for ever stopped;---and wherefore so?---Because I loved a queen! * * * * *

* * * I feel the godlike emanation; it warms, it blazes in me, and I bow with reverence to the reason that inspires it.---Is it thy beauty, my enchanting queen, which should en-

title thee to more than mortal sway? Is it thy grace, and those accomplishments which adorn thy mind, that give thee in the world's esteem this dread pre-eminence?---No: it is distinction but in name and blood: this is the mighty barrier that blights my hope, my love, and gives me to the grave!---Poor grovelling world, how I despise thy prejudices; how my soul soars above thee, and wings its flight with eagle pinions to the realms of truth and everlasting light.——Thou glorious sun, whose piercing eye can gild the gloom of this my melancholy dungeon, 'tis but a little and then thy light is scarf'd for ever! ---A thousand eyes will witness my last agony, and view my streaming blood.——Ah! would that my jailor now would summon me; I burn to meet my fate, and die for Mary! Cold rigid world, thou ne'er canst know me; 'tis but to my queen these struggles I'd impart.---Oh! may she deign to read, and drop the tear of sweet commiseration.

I know not why, but oftentimes a sad presentiment steals o'er my soul, and tells me that the day may come, when such a servant as poor Chatelar might not be deemed unworthy the attention of my Mary.——How crooked are the paths of life; how few the sweets; how bitter is the gall; the wretched, like the daisy of the field, neglected live, nor feel the withering blast

of wav'ring fortune; the great alone are noted, and, though they weather long the pitiless storm, are struck at length, and, like the towering oak, hurl'd to destruction!---Greatness is a dream! ---This world's a dream!---we wander, and we know not whither. Oh! if by fate's decree, there is one chosen cup unmixed with gall, let it be Mary's and I die content; for did I know that keen despair would ever wring her heart, how doubly curs'd would then appear the annihilating blow.———How great are all thy judgments, King of Heaven; how matchless thy decrees; for hadst thou so ordained, that Chatelar might gaze upon futurity, and in that region unexplored a pang was registered for thee, O Mary! not all the horrors of the wrath of Heaven could equal that which would assail my soul on leaving thee thus unprotected;---for where will Mary find so true a servant as the love-sick Chatelar?

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* * * But, no; it cannot be: my queen was formed to bask in heavenly bliss, and never taste despair.——Why yearns my heart anew?---Down, down, obtruding thoughts! nor strive to curse still more a feeble wretch, who totters on the margin of futurity.---I will not yield to such ideas; fortune can frown on all but her who reigns within my heart---yes; for I have ta'en upon myself the twofold share of

worldly woe, that Mary might live free from mortal anguish.——My pangs have given peace to her I love on this side of the grave: then let me hence; so shall I know the world to come, and whatsoe'er remains to purchase bliss.---Eternal be the future toil of wretched Chatelar!

FRAGMENT XXV.

It is done!---I am condemned!---The aweful voice of justice dooms me to the block.---Tomorrow's sun again shall greet these eyes; again one solemn night, like this, shall vainly come to sooth my weary soul, and court my haggard eyes to sleep.---Sleep is no more for Chatelar on this side of the grave: the morning which succeeds lights me to regions unexplored; where all is dubious and incomprehensible!——How strange are man's affections: when most oppress'd with grief and terror, the smallest circumstance will yield him some consolatory meditation.---Wou'dst thou believe it Mary?---thy Chatelar, doom'd by thy charms to suffer a premature death, could yet be led, from contemplation of futurity, to think and moralize on things most insignificant, on that which was on this side of the grave.

My queen, I had been picturing thy matchless beauties; for nought can rob me of my fancy's

boundless freedom: I had conjured up a thousand scenes of faded bliss, when suddenly the apparatus of my fate struck on my wandering senses.---I saw the scaffold---nay, the very block, and by its side the stern executioner of justice; methought his axe glittered in the beams of morning: a rabble crowd seemed to attend my doom; I was in mind what I must corporeally appear, ere the bright sun has numbered out two tedious days.---Yes, Mary; even then---even at that most solemn juncture, I was awakened from the scene of death, and thought no more of cold oblivion.——Already had the clouds of night scarf'd the last gleam of day; already nature seem'd to have lull'd in sleep the brows of labour and hard-earn'd content, when lo, upon yon tree, whose branches fan my prison's grated window, a harmless songster of the silent hour sang forth his melancholy strain.---Poor tender bird, said I; why is thy swelling throat attuned near one so abject and forlorn as me? Still warbled on the little creature, who in responsive sadness seemed to chide my cruelty, and yet commiserate my luckless fate.---There seemed a sympathy between us, and I would have died a thousand deaths ere mortal hands had injured the sweet feathered soother of my miseries.---I was touched; my soul had yielded to the impulse; a thrilling tenderness pervaded me;---death was no

more; for all was love and Mary!——I recur with wonder to the act; for never did I again suppose these fingers would have struck the string---yet they did so; for at that moment with a trembling hand I caught the lute, which once had charms for thee, my queen, and which, with thy Petrarch, and these holy beads, have been the mute companion of my solitude.---I sang, when lo, the warbler ceased, till as the last vibration of the chord spoke sadness to the breeze of night; the moon then darting forth its pallid gleam, I saw my little bird advance from spray to spray, till on the iron-grate he perched, when finding silence reign, with tones exuberant he made response, and I but seemed a beggar to his persuasive melancholy.---Oh, bounteous fate! that send'st one pitying friend to lull my wearied senses in forgetfulness---yes; for this inoffensive chanter calm'd my soul, by teaching me that grief may find a soother, even when environed by the dungeon's solitary gloom.—Oh! may no cruel hand e'er rob thee of thy liberty, sweet flutterer of the grove; may'st thou remember long those waving branches, and make them the nightly witnesses of thy heavenly song; may'st thou perhaps recal the strain of Chatelar, and upon yon grating strive to give new life to this poor lute, whose music dies with its devoted master! ——One hand alone could call thee forth, sweet

bird, and with seraphic note outrival all thy mastry; but she will ne'er become the inmate of a prison's gloom, and therefore, thou dear soother, may'st live the unmatch'd child of sweetest harmony! * * * * * *

* * * * The morn in ruddy majesty now streaks the sky, and night with lagging pace still lingers on the western expanse.---The day shall rise, and twelve revolving hours bring on returning gloom, and then---O Chatelar! shall fortune's malice do her worst, and mingle thee with ashes long forgotten.——How calm is now the thought; for unto bitterness how sweet is death; how grateful is the contemplation of futurity!---Yet, to leave thee, Mary---perhaps unpitied as unseen; to quit the sovereign of my soul, will ruffle my tranquillity, and baffle all my boasted resolution.---There is no recal; my reason tells me I must die; yet still my boisterous passion cries aloud, I love, and my fond bleeding heart yearns out for Mary in the jaws of death.

Come love---come death, for Chatelar can welcome you---yes; to the last the shaft shall be the inmate of my breast, and I will cherish it; nor shall the withering touch of mundane power wrench the keen arrow from my bosom; for I will die, and die in love!——Oh! how I laugh to scorn the systematic show of justice in this

world: the judges' robes, and all the laboured forms of worldly courts, are nought to Chatelar. —This morning's mockery condemned me; and as the dread behest of law was thundered in mine ear, methought the scale of justice turned awry, and that the hood-wink'd goddess fled in haste, ashamed of such vile profanation. But let the ermined sage still doom me to the block; let justice manacled assent to his behest; I have a judge within; a page whereon so legibly is written good and ill, that not the power of earthly beings can efface it;—but hold, I will not rave against my condemnation; the proof of innocence is sweet serenity; I will be peaceful, and in poetic numbers give my soul full vent.

I CRAVE no mercy for my forfeit life,
  I claim no sigh, I ask no pitying tear;
Existence would be love, and love is strife,
  So joy shall be th' attendant on my bier.

My fancy pictur'd love as bliss supreme,
  And youthful passion soon enslav'd my heart:
I found warm fancy but a fleeting dream,
  And fervent passion but a rankling dart.

I courted hope, she conjur'd visions bright,
  My mind equality in nature drew;
Hope proved the *antic* to my dazzled sight,
  Which argument still forc'd me to pursue.

To feast on Mary's charms was once my care,
  Methought I never could have sued for more;
But bless'd with those, presumption made me dare,
  And I confess'd the flame which I deplore.

I flew the sweet destroyer of my rest,
  I courted death in many a bloody fray;
When love, by torturing another's breast,
  Still arg'd me back that I might own his sway.

Again I bask in beauty's radiant sun,
  I dare attempt to realize my bliss;
I gaze unseen, I gaze, and am undone,
  And sell existence for love's ardent kiss.

Aurora soon will tinge with ruddy hue
  The eastern expanse, now in darkness dress'd,
And I with her shall bid life's night adieu,
  To wake immortal, and for ever bless'd.

But, ah! may not the form of Mary live
  In soul aerial, as in mortal fame?
Will icy death annihilation give,
  Or doth love's fury still exist the same?

To part for ever from the bliss I crave,
  Uncertain of the future, gives me dread;
Perhaps, expecting comfort in the grave,
  To love the living Mary with the dead.

Why puzzle still with doubts my throbbing brain?
  Why with perplexity encrease the shock?
Had I the will to live, the strife were vain—
  To-morrow seals my doom upon the block.

Let love and resignation nerve my soul,
  Since neither bolt, or cell, or axe have sway,
My bosom's warm affections to control—
  My heart is Mary's—Mary I obey.

Come smiling morn, for thou wilt comfort lend,
  And poise within me ev'ry jarring sense;
Death is to Chatelar the wish'd-for friend,
  For death brings certainty, and kills suspense.

FRAGMENT XXVI.

'Tis *one*, and the faint breeze of morning steals through my grated window: I have been shedding tears of blood upon the scrawl before me---yes, cruel Mary: it is from the generous Prince de Condé, and it was thy pleasure I should taste of bitterness even in the jaws of death; for in that fatal packet, which from thy palace was this eve by thy command dispatched to Chatelar, is registered the death of Angeline.---She is no more; the lovely maid hath speeded to the Throne of God---perhaps to plead my pardon; yet what a pang for me.---Oh! had a few short wretched hours transpired ere this had reached me, I had not thus received accumulated pangs to usher me to execution.——Yet pour down thy wrath, my queen, I shall not long remain to blast thee with my hated form, or give offence to thy proud majesty.---I go to realms unknown, where

in oblivion all the scenes of life are buried---I go perhaps to meet the spirit of poor Angeline, and in those regions of eternal bliss requite the love I owe.---I am resigned to death; this is the moment I so long have coveted: I look into futurity, and all is as a vision.---I will not mad my brain for the short space of life that yet remains; I will to the last avow my sublunary love, and pray for thee, my Mary.---And yet, to be for ever torn from life; to have the youthful current of my blood cut short at one dread blow, must make the stoutest own a momentary chill.——May'st thou, oh! Mary, never know a scene like this; may no dark cloud conceal the sun of pleasure from thee; may life be granted while it hath joys in store; and may the hour of death be as a pleasing dream, and waft thee to Elysium. *

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* * I close the scene: by the Great God of Truth it hath been sworn, that unto thee alone these sealed relics of my love should be delivered.---To Condé, D'Anville, and the brave veteran D'Andelot, have I by letter told the termination of my miseries.——Yes; the time wears apace; the morning breaks, and by the distant sound the period of my death draws near.---How ill am I prepared to meet the Great Judge of Heaven; my soul is not attuned to quaff that balmy comfort of religion; love still holds to

my heart, entangling every thought forerunning death. * * * * * *

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* * The minister of ghostly consolation hath been with me.---Oh! I have prayed, but with a hollow heart, that has but doubled mine offence against High Heaven.——Pity me, Mary; pray for me, my queen---commiseration is the greatest attribute of dread Omnipotence.

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* * * I have been summoned, and the sad register must close.——Mary, farewel; smile on me, Angeline.---My queen, farewel; and may the host of heaven for ever guard thee. ---Till we meet above, again one last farewel, dear mistress of my heart, on this side of the grave.

CONCLUSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

THUS end the Fragments of Love, from the devoted Chatelar to his queen; to which the Editor has only a few words to subjoin.

From the records of history it appears, that this unfortunate young man proceeded to execution with the greatest fortitude, and ascended the scaffold divested of every sentiment of fear, and yielding only to that passion which precipitated him to destruction, ere he might have been said to have lived a third part of his existence.

On the scaffold he made a very laconic address to the spectators, the subject of which is not recorded to posterity; but it appears that, turning towards the windows of the chamber, usually occupied by Mary, and which commanded a view of the spot, he still professed his unalterable

passion, and gloried at meeting his fate in such a cause. He also pathetically upbraided her, as the most cruel although the loveliest of her sex; and then repeating some lines out of the works of *Ronsard*, which were very applicable to his situation, with a dauntless demeanour he gave his head to the block, which was severed by the executioner at one blow, leaving that heart at peace which may with justice be said to have vibrated only for love and misery.

The melancholy which pervades the foregoing pages may not entitle them, perhaps, to the consideration of many readers, yet, as a curiosity the work is assuredly deserving some notice; nor does it afford the youthful mind any scope for the license of passion, but, on the contrary, shows that dreadful devastation which is the attendant of a quick fancy, suffered to indulge its chimeras, which too frequently terminate either in madness or the grave.

The reception this volume may meet with, will at once decide the Editor as to the use to be made of the transcripts still unpublished, and in his possession; comprising not only poetical, but prose effusions of the queen, relating to her favourite *David Rizzio*, as also some productions of that musician, proving his attachment to this princess; together with many other points, of a most interesting nature.

As the beauty of Mary Queen of Scotland, has been so universally extolled, it would be fruitless to expatiate further upon the subject; the Editor cannot, however, refrain at the close of this work, from the enumeration of the various names of those who may be deemed the victims at the shrine of her beauty.

First.---The polished and noble Marechal D'Anville, unmindful of the marriage vow, which bound him, yielded his reason to the passion that took possession of his soul, and lived from that period a prey to melancholy.

Second in the list comes Chatelar, the unfortunate author of the foregoing Fragments.

Thirdly.---the handsome and accomplished youth, John Gordon, the Earl of Huntley's son, who has before been mentioned in the Effusions of Chatelar. This young nobleman, unable to obtain the object of his love, rashly enlisted in the cause of rebellion, and yielded his forfeit life upon the scaffold.

Fourthly.---The Earl of Arran, whose fate, though not so tragic as that of the former, reduced him to a state of desperation, which embittered his future life.

Fifthly.---David Rizzio fell a victim to the jealousy of Mary's husband, the Lord Darnley, being brutally butchered in the presence of the queen.

Sixthly.---We find the same Lord Darnley falling by the treason of Bothwell, who afterwards compelled the queen to an union.---In this instance, however, ambition may have in some measure joined with love to prompt the cruel deed.

Lastly.---And as if it were to stamp beyond all doubt the fascinations of this queen, even in the decline of life, her cause was espoused by the great Duke of Norfolk, whose love for Mary prompted him to essay her rescue from imprisonment; in which attempt he was frustrated by the politic Elizabeth and her secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, who having brought the Duke to trial, he was condemned for high treason, and soon after decapitated.

Contrary opinions have been hazarded by various writers, since the death of the Queen of Scotland: some as much dictated by the extravagance of panegyric, as others are stained with the basest rancour; if, however, the middle path be taken, it will appear that Mary did not possess more than human frailties; and when it is considered, that the more elevated the station in which individuals are placed, the more liable they are to observation, and a misrepresentation of their failings: we ought to lend a cautious ear to the busy reports of historians, who are generally swayed by party prejudice, or political motives.

Nor may the depraved conduct of the Earl of Murray have been the smallest instigation to those exaggerated representations of her conduct, the stain of which has never been effaced from her character.

The Editor, fully trusting that those ideas, which he has ventured to commit to the press, may not offend the reader, here closes the Fragments of Chatelar.

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